



# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 33 – Number 5

September 2015

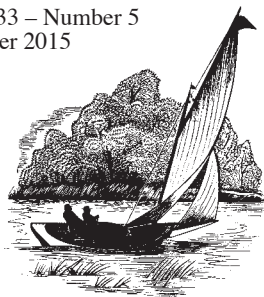
**Special Features This Issue**  
1908 Sailing Barge Race – Palooza Trip  
Maine's First Ship Spring Report – Trilobots  
Some Very Picturesque Kayaks – A Skaneteles Skiff  
Launching Toy – Some Small Boats of Summer



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## In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 3 From the Journals of Constant Waterman
- 4 Gougeon Brothers Inducted into National Sailing Hall of Fame
- 5 Modern Boat Builders of the 21st Century
- 6 You write to us about...
- 9 Book Reviews
- 12 A Brief Look Around at the Wooden Boat Show
- 13 JGTSCA
- 14 The 1908 Sailing Barge Races – A Mystery?
- 19 Baggywrinkle: Different Kits Different Trips
- 20 Palooza Trip
- 23 The Christening of the *Anna & Emily*
- 24 Requiem for a Sailor
- 26 Over the Horizon
- 28 Maine's First Ship
- 31 Hildegard Reinheffer Progress Report
- 32 A Motor Well for *Lady Bug*
- 34 From the Tiki Hut
- 36 The Cat Returns Home
- 37 Major Improvements at CBMM
- 38 Trilobes
- 39 25 Years Ago in *MAIB*: Some Very Picturesque Kayaks
- 42 A Skaneateles Skiff
- 43 Phil Bolger & Friends on Design: *Gadabout* aka "SACPAS-3"
- 46 Launching Toy
- 48 Maritime Models
- 49 Ship's Log
- 50 Some Small Boats of Summer
- 51 From the Lee Rail
- 52 Trade Directory
- 57 Classified Marketplace
- 59 Shiver Me Timbers



## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

In the August 2011 "Phil Bolger & Friends on Design" pages, Susanne Altenburger announced her undertaking to design and supervise the building of a unique small boat for the US Navy, which had named it SACPAS-3 (LCP). This translates into "Security Assistance Contingency Producing Affordable System Mk 3" (Landing Craft Personnel). The article was to be first in a series on her "Phil Bolger & Friends" pages chronicling the project. Now four years later, the project has been successfully completed with sea trials reported on in this issue, the 18th in that series. That's a long series spread over four years but an awful lot happened between the initial undertaking and its conclusion. Those of you who have followed the series are aware of the obstacles and frustrations that stretched out the project far beyond the contemplated time frame.

Susanne explained the undertaking in that initial article as follows:

"This is the project that helped me in the dark times after Phil's death, May 24, 2009. During our last "honeymoon trip" to the Washington, DC, area in late April 2009, the project had been put on the table during a meeting in the shadow of the US Naval Academy in Annapolis, Maryland. Over a modest number of projects we had worked ourselves into a reasonably productive relationship with a division of NAVSEA (Naval Sea Systems Command), the planning and designing arm of the US Navy. By July 10 or so a letter arrived reiterating their interest in continuing the project, now under the guidance of me, Susanne Altenburger, the widow of Phil Bolger. It would be the first new design out of this office since Phil's decision to leave. And a lot was riding on it."

So Susanne was off and running and it became a lot more of a challenge than just designing the boat and supervising its building. Eventually the involvement and funding from the Navy, the Massachusetts Division of Marine Fisheries and the City of Gloucester was withdrawn (for budget reasons not related to the project) and ultimately Susanne was left with an unfinished boat and some significant unpaid bills. What to do?

Well, she decided to carry on and finish the job, designer becomes builder out of necessity. She chronicled all the details in a number of issues over the past year or more and now at last it all came to fruition. And we got to go for a ride in mid July when she was undertaking sea trials. It was great, that "boat in a box" (so called by the local newspaper because it is designed to fit into a standard container for shipping anywhere in the world) just got up and went, 226hp from a six cylinder two stroke Mariner outboard (on loan from a friend) lifting her up onto a very flat planing angle. She easily exceeded the minimum speed the Navy wanted to haul eight Marines and a crew of four from ship to shore in a hurry. Granted her new private citizen owners will be powering with 60hp for alongshore gunkholing (with that 12" draft!), but her ultimate performance had been proven, Susanne's design worked as intended.

Stories of unfinished boat projects abound, as those involved become overwhelmed with unforeseen complications. If the would be builder is essentially alone with his dream, when the hard time comes it is tempting to just write off the investment of time and money and get away from it. Often the "project" is offered for sale cheap. In Susanne's case she had her own design to prove out and also a lot of local fishermen needed to see that she could indeed finish the job. She and Phil were well known in Gloucester in its fishing community for their ideas/designs to save the fishery from extinction from its overfishing the resource and were regarded as gadflies by those still looking for a way to keep on hauling in too many fish for the resource to replace.

When *Gadfly* is delivered to her new owners after some interior modifications to make her a comfortable gunkholer rather than a military transport, Susanne can get back her role as custodian of Phil Bolger's 680+ designs and to her own design computer carrying forward the design concepts she shared with Phil over their all too short marriage. But there are one or two more "epilogs" about *Gadfly's* unique capabilities to come on our pages in the next couple of issues. Don't miss them.

## On the Cover...

SACPAS -3 LCP (now known as *Gadabout*) showing off on her sea trials in July. In the August issue you got to see her at her launching after a long four-year construction odyssey. Now on pages 43-45 you can view her performance. She is no longer slated for military use but designer/builder/chronicler Susanne Altenburger had to see if she would have measured up to the design specs. She did. She goes!





## From the Journals of Constant Waterman

Just returned from the Connecticut River, Chester, to be specific and only minutes ahead of the showers and grumbly thunder and refracted sunbeams and towered, sooty cumulus. Hardly got wet enough to curl my whiskers or save me washing down *MoonWind*. What good are all these summer showers when I still need to exert myself to scrub the decks and the cockpit?

I took my son and his family aboard about noon on Wednesday, an early start and we puttered out of Pine Island Sound into the force-three gale. We headed due west. The wind headed due east. The tide would be against us until nearly four. The choices were to motor to Old Saybrook, twelve miles upwind, or tack to Orient Point and back, adding at least two hours to our journey. As we meant to meet my other son at the mouth of the river, then ascend to East Haddam, hopefully during daylight, I opted for the motor.

The trip proved uneventful. My son and I played with my new GPS, and learned a couple of things. Such as, the course and distance to the next mark is taken from the position of the cursor. If the cursor is not replaced to the position you occupy, well... we learned that the QUIT button serves this important function and saves the tedium of scrolling and scrolling.

Not having a paper map of the river, I've always navigated this part of the world by memory, and kept to the ample channel going upstream. This is a conservative approach and, around the mouth of the river, necessary. There are quite a few gallons of shoal water all about Essex, Old Saybrook, and Old Lyme. Once we get to Deep River, there's so much water we can extravagante nearly from shore to shore. I, myself, have surprised any number of aircraft carriers snugly nestled beneath the silver maples...

We made the turn at bell number 8 off Long Sand Shoal beyond the mouth of the river and headed for the jetties. Now we should turn off the motor and sail close-reached. Except it was now past four o'clock, the hour when every breeze in Connecticut takes the evening off. I pushed the starter button again and we motored into the river. In company with three other sloops, we approached the railroad trestle. Six minutes until opening read the timer. Soon, the Amtrak Acela came roaring by, to the gratification of my grandson. The timer clicked down to zero and still we waited. After ten minutes I radioed the bridge tender: "*MoonWind* to Old Lyme Draw, come in, please."

"Yes," he replied, "they've messed my signals; there's another train on its way." In ten minutes more, this train came through and soon the drawbridge opened. We motored to the public pier where my other son waited, tossed out our fenders, and made fast. By the time we cast off it was crowding six o'clock. We motored upriver feasting on smoked salmon and baguette. My grandson danced on the foredeck, and swashed any number of buckles.

The tide abetted us as we puttered nonchalantly past all of the familiar places, lovelier now in the colorful, quiet light. I have never sated myself with my Connecticut. I hope to return with my kayak onboard *MoonWind*, and make side trips into every cove and estuary one more time; pick some mallow flowers and pet some muskrats; listen to the blackbirds trill amid the cattails; see the large carp swirl in the backwaters; hear the song of the wind in the cottonwood trees.

We motored past Hadlyme Landing as dusk flung its muted canopy over the river. Our plan had been to ascend to Goodspeed's Landing in East Haddam, but my family had plans to meet with their mother for supper, and the evening came on quickly. Neither Gillette's landing nor the public wharves at Hadlyme exists anymore whatsoever. The Chester-Hadlyme Ferry chooses not to share her specialized slip, even with a local waterman.

But on the Chester bank above the ferry landing lies a tiny marina. Patronized by only powerboats, it boasts a snug but shallow basin and a very short fuel pier. We took some soundings as we crept up to this pier. As there proved sufficient water, we proceeded to tie up and unload our baggage. My sons instructed their mother where to meet them. We said our good-byes and I shoved off into the stream.

I prefer to anchor in daylight in case my hook doesn't hold. I puttered downriver a half-mile and, just below the ferry landing, anchored by an undeveloped stretch of the Chester shore. The mist prevailed as night came on, and the nearly full moon shone gauzily, high above the muted, reflective river. The gray-green maples draped themselves with the dark. Not a voice, not a vehicle, presumed to disturb my idyll. Aside from a single night heron, I had the entire world to myself.



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Meade Gougeon and the late Jan Gougeon, two founders of Gougeon Brothers, Inc. are to be inducted into the National Sailing Hall of Fame (NSHOF) on October 4, 2015. Here are the brief bios of the brothers by Roger Vaughan from the NSHOF website:

### Jan Gougeon

Meade Gougeon, the late Jan Gougeon's older brother by seven years, says Optimist Pram designer Clark Mills saved his brother from a life of misery. Jan was not born well. "He was sickly," Meade says, "cross eyed, dyslexic and so skinny we called him 'rack of bones.'" The other kids teased him. He had low self esteem. Then our local yacht club got 30 Opti kits. We'd been whacking together boats on the beach in Bay City for years, just like our ancestors, so we built an Opti in a week, paint and all. It was April, cold as hell, but Jan wanted to sail the boat. He sailed that boat 50 days in a row. He was 11 and he never lost a race. Finally he was not only good at something, he was gifted. He had it! It changed his life. He dominated the DN ice boat fleet from 1971 to 2000, winning 11 National Championships and four Worlds.

"Jan knew he was going to build boats. I didn't have a direction, but I was hot to take a chance and said OK, let's do it." Jan went to Canada and apprenticed for three years under builder and pattern maker Vic Carpenter, who first introduced Jan and Meade to epoxy.

Jane Pegel, who has sailed DNs beyond her 80th year, recalls the 1989 DN Worlds in Burlington, Vermont, when Jan broke his mast during a practice day. "He traveled in a small car," Jane says. "He had no parts or repair kit with him. So we all gave him some 'Gouge' (West System) and he sat up all night in his room fixing the mast with tongue depressors. He said he worked stark naked so he wouldn't have to wash his clothes. He got the mast fixed, and finished second in the Worlds that year."

Phil Weld's plan to do a solo Atlantic crossing (he would set a record in 1980) in the trimaran *Rogue Wave* that the Gougeons were building for him, spurred Jan to sail a

## Gougeon Brothers Inducted into National Sailing Hall of Fame

By Roger Vaughan



trimaran in the Bermuda One-Two in 1980. Sailing single handed Bermuda to Newport, Jan got flipped over by a northeaster in the Gulf Stream. He survived four days on the overturned boat before a freighter found him.

"The next four boats he built were rightable," Meade says. "It was the first and last time any Gougeon had to be rescued. We always get back on our own steam."

### Meade Gougeon

In 1966, Jack Knights wrote this about Race 1 of *Yachting* magazine's One-of-a-Kind Regatta. "Meade Gougeon's trimaran had pruned weight, aerodynamic drag and hull resistance to a degree that it was slipping through the water, sails always close-hauled, tacking upwind and down like an ice boat while all others were becalmed. The A Scow took 3:55:20 to complete the eight mile course. Gougeon was home in 51 minutes less. It was enough to write a new chapter in the history of sail."

Meade Gougeon, founder of Gougeon Brothers, says he first learned about epoxy resins from pattern maker, sailor and boat builder Vic Carpenter. "Epoxy revolutionized pattern making," Gougeon says. "They were gluing Honduras Mahogany with resorcinol and having to clamp it for two weeks. If there was a crack, often caused by over clamping, it ruined an expensive job. With epoxy you didn't have to clamp it that hard. It filled gaps and it dried overnight."

One day in the late 1960s Herb Dow walked into the Gougeon's Bay City, Michigan, boat shop. Dow was the grandson of Dow Chemical's founder. He bought two iceboats. "He saw us using epoxy," Meade says, "and said the world's biggest epoxy lab, Dow Chemical, was just a few miles down the road in Midland. Herb sent someone over to talk with us, and I became a bench chemist."

There was a lot of chemical experimentation involved to achieve the behavioral characteristics Gougeon wanted, minimal shrinkage, no odor, a variety of drying times. By 1969 the formulas he'd arrived at were well kept secrets. "People started buying epoxy from us," Meade says. "I could see a need for the product."

As builders, the Gougeons pre coated everything that went into a boat, causing an observer to give the process a name, Wood Epoxy Stabilization Technique, or West System™.

When his middle brother Joel, a decorated pilot with 130 combat missions in Vietnam, came home with money he'd saved to buy a house for himself and his wife, Meade saw a live one. "I told him \$10,000 would buy him a third of Gougeon Brothers. He said OK. His wife didn't speak to me for five years, but it turned out alright."

As he approaches his 80th birthday, one of Meade's interests is the annual 300 mile Everglades Challenge in small boats. Complete it in eight days and you get a shark's tooth necklace and a paddle. Gougeon has won his class the past two years.

GOUGEON BROTHERS, INC.



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## About Us

Gougeon Brothers, Inc formulates and manufactures WEST SYSTEM and PRO-SET marine grade epoxies used around the world in boat building and boat repair. Our in house chemists formulate all of our epoxy products for excellent handling characteristics, superior strength and water resistance to withstand even the harshest ocean environments. We thoroughly test our epoxy products in our labs, as well as submit them for independent testing by a fully accredited university.

In addition to boat construction and repair, our epoxies have been used in everything from architectural restoration to the development of high tech aircraft and even spacecraft.

We also publish *Epoxyworks Magazine* twice yearly. It's all about building, restoration and repair with epoxy.

Gougeon Brothers, Inc has been located on the banks of the Saginaw River in the heart of the Great Lakes in Bay City, Michigan since we opened our doors to build iceboats in 1969. Learn more about us by visiting our company's history pages on our website at:

[www.gougeonbrothers.com](http://www.gougeonbrothers.com)



Back a few decades ago when I wanted to learn how to build wooden boats the traditional way with the time tested plank on frame method, I realized that there were no shops or schools in the area (Buffalo, western New York region) that would teach this method. To do so at that time would require me to move to one of several areas in New England that offered boat building courses from weekend and weeklong workshops to community colleges with two year programs, and several options in between.

It was not realistic for me to pack up everything and everyone and move to the East Coast, so I decided that I would have to figure out a way to build boats myself. I was unaware of *Messing About in Boats* magazine then. I was a subscriber to *Woodenboat* and had learned of *Small Boat Journal* (about the time it went out of print) and was frustrated with the notion that I was crowding 40 at the time and wondering if I would ever be able to build one. I also had imposing time constraints as I was driving a truck over the road and was only home part of the weekends. Aw, too bad, right? Nope.

My father always said, "there's a way around every problem, you just have to figure it out." I bought some books about boat building but I had a difficult time trying to put the words of instruction into practice. There were terms and procedures that I was unaware of. Lofting, table of offsets? What in the world? Then I found some "modern 20th century author boat builders," folks like Payson, Bolger, Michalak, Devlin, to name a few. They offered a new way to build boats that were anything but traditional. New terms like stitch and glue, quick and dirty, tack and tape, were used to describe methods that amateurs with little or no boat building experience could use to build. These new methods, along with an increase of simplified patterns and kits, made building a boat not only possible, but a very safe, usable boat could be built by anyone. Some very boxy and others more traditional in look, if not the material used.

But that was the 20th century. In the past few years some 21st century amateur builders have adopted these methods and developed them. They added some "new to the market," non boat building products and applied them to building boats. They have also taken boats that some would consider ready for the landfill and made some very unique and often interesting hybrid boats out of them. Dave Lucas and the Tiki Hut guys and Dan Rogers are a good examples of this fearless way to "just build it and use it." They are not deterred by those who

## Modern Boat Builders of the 21st Century

By Greg Grundtisch

say it is not the "right" way and "it can't be done that way." They forge ahead and ignore what the professionals have to say about it.

When I was told I couldn't build a boat out of plywood because it would delaminate, I was concerned. Then I found one of Payson's "Instant Boat" books. He not only used plywood, but used the stuff from the home improvement stores. No need to buy expensive marine grade ply. Not only that, but he used drywall screws for fastening and house paint over it all. My eyes opened up wide and suddenly I realized that what the experts were touting was not necessarily the only way. I could build boats out of a lot of different materials and I didn't have to learn traditional methods or how to read plans and offsets. Draw the shapes on plywood and cut them out, attach by stitching them with copper wire or zip ties or fasten to a nailing strip, (on the outside of the boat) and glue, screw and tape and epoxy over it. There are even easier steps to building now and cheaper adhesives and epoxies available.

All of this can be done without taking even the first lesson in boat building. This sort of building can be found reported on in this publication by those Tiki Hut builders in Gulf Coast Florida and others. There is a wealth of knowledge and experience just ripe for the picking and building. A boat can be built for very little monetary expense using these new materials and ANYONE can do it without any experience. The people who are writing about building boats in this publication are very generous with their experience and skills, and often willing to share it with others who want to try it. With all these messers out there, those can be found who will be very willing to show you the way to start building. They can offer advice and help you get past some of the common mistakes first timers make. It makes building more interesting and enjoyable to talk about the project with other interested builders. Ask me, I'm more than happy to share what I have learned, or I can find someone who may be of help.

I do not want to disparage the traditional boat builders and their hard won skills at all. I honestly envy their skills, talents and experience. I wish I had the time, knowledge and experience to build that way. I have a difficult time just making a straight cut with a circu-

lar saw. Thankfully the use of thickened epoxy covers that problem up and makes for a stronger joint, too. Modern material and technology has helped me and others build boats that otherwise would have been impossible to build.

Now, well into the early 21st century, there are schools and workshops and courses around the country that offer classes in traditional boat building methods. If they had been around when I was able to attend them I likely would be a traditional boat builder of amateur (or maybe even professional) stature and might look at plywood and non traditional methods through different eyes. I love to look at (or better yet, even own) traditionally built wooden boats. They are beautiful and eye pleasing. But they are also expensive to own and maintain.

I enjoy them all and am not closed minded toward any. Just build them, any of them. You can do it. There are those amongst us who will show you how if you desire. Just ask a 21st century modern boat builder. Ask me at [grundyswoodworks@roadrunner.com](mailto:grundyswoodworks@roadrunner.com).

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# You write to us about...

## Activities & Events...

### CBMM's Charity Boat Auction

The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum hosts its 18th annual Charity Boat Auction on September 5. More than 100 boats ranging in size and performance from sailing dinghies to cabin cruisers and everything in between will be in the water and on land to be auctioned off to the highest bidders. Advanced absentee bids will be accepted and can be called in at (410) 745-4992 or taken in person until 2pm on September 4. All boats will be sold the day of the event with a title office set up at the museum for ease of transfer. Proceeds from the rain or shine event benefit the children and adults served by the non profit museum.



### Barnegat Bay ACBS Meet

The 32nd Annual Antique & Classic Boat Show takes place again at Johnson Bros. Boat Yard, 1800 Bay Ave, Pt Pleasant, New Jersey, on September 19 (rain date September 20) sponsored by the Barnegat Bay Chapter ACBS. This is an ACBS judged show with free admission and parking, 5060 boats expected, all types welcome, inwater or on trailer. On hand will be marine vendors, marine artists, marine flea market, antique and classic American and British cars, radio control boats and the New Jersey Boating Museum (Bldg #13), with food available on site.

Stu Sherk, (610) 277-2121 or (732) 8996604, Ken Motz, (908) 910-3653

## Adventures & Experiences...

### No Blackburn for Me This Year

Unfortunately my dream of rowing in this year's Blackburn Challenge and completing the "Twenty Mile Boat Build" did not happen this year. It was already questionable with my lack of on the water training while I tried to finish my Adirondack Guide Boat in preparation for the Woodenboat Show. Then I developed a severe case of the shingles. Numerous trips to the hospital resulted in no improve-

Auction boats and the official rules can be viewed at [www.cbmm.org/boatauction](http://www.cbmm.org/boatauction) with inventory updated weekly. Auction boats will be available for preview at the museum several days prior to the auction. Guests can also review all the boats beginning at 8am on September 5, with the live auction beginning at 11am along the museum's waterfront campus.

The event also includes a flea market style tag sale from 9am to 11am offering a variety of used boating gear, including ground tackle, electrical equipment, hardware, rope and chain, oars, life jackets, fishing tackle, motors and more. Boat sales are ongoing throughout the year with all auction boats subject to sale prior to the auction.

To donate a boat or items for the tag sale, or for a fully updated listing of the boats up for auction, visit [www.cbmm.org/boatauction](http://www.cbmm.org/boatauction), or contact Lad Mills at (410) 745-4942 or [lmills@cbmm.org](mailto:lmills@cbmm.org), or Todd Taylor at [ttaylor@cbmm.org](mailto:ttaylor@cbmm.org) or (410) 745-4990.

ment. Boy, it's amazing how quickly one can go from healthy to ailing. One day I'm a healthy 67 year old male and the next day, I'm stopped in my tracks. The ironic thing is that I received the shingles vaccination two years ago.

I'll just plan on doing the Blackburn Challenge next summer. In the meantime, I'll plan on doing the Head of the Weir, the Minot's Light Roundabout and maybe the Wellfleet Rowing Rendezvous in late September. This, too, will pass!

Richard Honan, Winthrop MA

### Delivery Trip

I spent the better part of the second week in July helping to bring a Tartan 40 sailboat from Maryland to Boston on its journey to the coast of Maine. There were four of us on board. Up the Chesapeake Bay, through the Chesapeake & Delaware Canal, then down expansive Delaware Bay to Cape May, New Jersey. From there we headed north to Atlantic City and along the coast of New Jersey. At one point, we traveled 33 hours straight, across the entrance to New York Harbor, along Long Island Sound, finally landing at Block Island for a welcomed night in a protected harbor. Traveling across the entrance

to New York Harbor on the midnight to 4am watch with my brother Billy was enlightening, to say the least, eyes locked on the radar, trying to maintain a steady course, tracking the ships entering and exiting the harbor.

From Block Island we headed northeast through Block Island Sound to Buzzards Bay where we anchored overnight in Onset. A rainy morning with a stiff wind on the quarter beam, along with rolling ocean swells made everyone's stomach a little queasy. The afternoon greeted us with bright blue skies and a beautiful SE breeze. We had a beautiful sail up the bay. Next morning sunrise brought us through the foggy Cape Cod Canal, then northwest to Boston and the Cottage Park Yacht Club.

Richard Honan, Winthrop, MA



### Dragging Accomplices Along

After years of pestering, I finally got my sister out on the water. I persuaded her to go with me to Marshfield Reservoir where I literally had to force her to drive my 1957 Alumacraft Flying C, at first. As you can see by the picture, not only did she enjoy it but she gave me a hard time when I wanted to take back the helm.

Johnny Mack, VT





### JGTSCA Regatta

Several members had a lot of fun sailing, rowing and paddling July 19. Karen and Bill Rutherford made the day by fitting a donated sail to the *Nina* on short notice. Andy and Bill finished the rigging before the group wheeled her down to the beach. What a productive day it was! We even had a submarine join the regatta. Thank you, Brian, for these pictures. From left on beach are *Nina*, my CLC skerry, *Ophelia* and George's catboat. At bottom are *Nina* and *Ophelia*.

Ellie Czarnowski, Old Lyme, CT



## Information of Interest...

### Postcrossing Project

In December 2014 I learned of the Postcrossing project. The goal of the project is to enable anyone to exchange postcards with random people around the world, using real mail, not email. The way it works is for every postcard you send, you receive one back from a random member. The more you send the more you receive back. This enables you to learn of other countries, different people and faraway places. It is free to join. The only cost is for the postcards you send and postage.

When you join you fill out a short questionnaire about yourself. On the question-

aire you can list hobbies you may have. On my profile I listed that I enjoyed sailing and building boats. Before someone sends you a card they can check out your profile and possibly tailor the card they send specifically to you. Valerie from Germany sent a card depicting the coast of Germany. Sarah in Shanghai said she would like to build a boat but there was not enough space where she resides in the city. Astrid from the Netherlands told me about her 23' sailboat that they sail on the lakes and canals in her country. Mia from Jakarta, Indonesia, sent a card depicting a traditional boat from her country.

I am enjoying the experience of meeting new people with the same interests as me from around the world. Checking for postcards sure beats getting bills at the mailbox. Check out [postcrossing.com](http://postcrossing.com).

Frank Stauss, Sewall, NJ

### All About Water Levels

I was pleased to see the "Beyond the Horizon" revived, thanks to Doc Regan. While Hugh Ware's reports were outside the subject matter of the balance of *MAIB*, I found them of interest in that other media I saw didn't cover what he did. I believe that I first read of current day piracy at least a year before it was reported in the general media here in the Midwest. But now in the May issue, Doc Regan reports on doings here in our area. White Bear Lake is only about five miles from my home and the problems there are much in our news. As presented, the views of the White Bear Lake problem seem quite distorted. The problem was presented in one of two parallel articles on aquifer depletion in the Spring 2015 issue of the CEGE magazine (Departments of Civil, Environmental and Geoengineering at the University of Minnesota), and I'd like to quote from Professor Randal Barnes's article:

"...another concern raised in the Twin Cities is the issue of 'mining' groundwater. White Bear Lake (WBL), for example, saw historic low levels two years ago. Other lakes in the area are seeing dropping levels, too, but WBL, with its many homes, is getting a lot of attention. The White Bear Lake Restoration Association is suing the DNR claiming that the DNR has given out too many well permits, depleting the aquifer below WBL. The DNR argues that the aquifer depletion is not the problem..."

"Water flows not only from high elevation to low elevation, but also from high pressure to low pressure. Both elevation and pressure have to be considered. That is head. Water flows from high head to low head. Head is at work in WBL. Bedrock aquifers often have material above and below that keep the water within the aquifer under pressure, most lakes have visible inflow and outflow, but WBL is unique in that it has no streams. It is replenished only by rainfall, water leaves only through evaporation or through its 'leaky' layer, a layer of clay and glacial tilltype material that sits between the bottom of the lake and the top of the first bedrock aquifer. WBL has been leaking slowly throughout the recorded history of the area. Essentially what has happened recently at WBL is that pumping has reduced the pressure pushing up, thus reducing the head in the aquifer. Pumping has not drained the aquifer, the aquifer is still fully saturated, but the pressure has been reduced, so the lake level falls."

The \$600 million project Regan reported on was a proposal to pipe Mississippi River water over to the lake/s to restore levels and was reported some time ago in local media, but I have seen nothing on this recently. The proposed pipeline would be about 15 miles long through mostly developed urban areas, and appears to me to be impracticable.

James Broten, St Paul, MN

### Vanishing Sail

I thought that readers might be interested in the film, *Vanishing Sail*, now finished and being sent around to various film festivals (promotion) and will soon thereafter be available to the public. It has been five years in the making with a few production and editing setbacks that have been overcome but is now complete. There is now a trailer out and available for viewing. Just google Vanishing Sail Trailer, it is a 3 1/2 minute teaser that is really very good and will leave you looking forward to viewing the finished film.

Anyone who has an interest in traditionally built/restored boats, or in those still living the traditional lifestyle of the sea, will enjoy this film. It is about the last of the fisher folk in the Grenadine islands in the Caribbean still living a vanishing lifestyle in the 21st century.

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY

### About Those Crosley Motors

In late June I saw a really amazing 1940-50ish wooden tunnel hull inboard hydroplane racer with a full load Crosley motor up for auction on eBay. This Crosley motor is the early 750cc car engine, which was also used in SCCA H-Mod cars in '50s and in the Crosley Hotshot which won 750cc class in first running of Sebring.

I'm quite familiar with the Crosley motors, having hung around an older fellow named Jim Ward in Anoka, Minnesota, who made a market in used Crosley stuff in the Minneapolis/St Paul area in the '50s. I have a collection of Homelite & Bearcat 55hp outboards, which are the last version of the Crosley by Fischer Pierce, via Fageol and Textron. The Bearcat outboard motors that I have are 1000cc versions of this engine, rated at 55hp, built by Fischer Pierce, which owned Boston Whaler. Terrific motors.

Henri Kovar, Ocean Springs MS

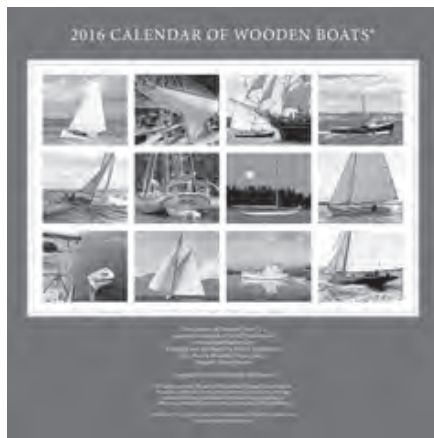


Messing About in Boats, September 2015 - 7

## 2016 Calendar Of Wooden Boats®

The 2016 edition of the Calendar of Wooden Boats®, published annually since 1983, is now available offering 12 never before published Benjamin Mendlowitz photographs of classic wooden boats in a variety of coastal settings. Rich color, dramatic lighting and attention to detail are the ingredients that set the mood for this unique calendar. There are a variety of sail and powerboats featured, ranging from whaleship to a Downeast Peapod. *Perch*, a Fish Classsloop, graces our 2016 cover.

The insightful and entertaining captions accompanying each image are written by wooden boat expert Maynard Bray, who has been providing the text since the calendar's inception. The Calendar of Wooden Boats® is designed in an elegant 12"x24" wall format and is available at bookstores, chandleries, select retailers and directly from NOAH Publications for \$16.95. For more information about the calendar and our other products featuring the photography of Benjamin Mendlowitz, visit us online at [www.noah-publications.com](http://www.noah-publications.com).



## Projects...

### Build a CLC Kayak at CBMM

On September 28 through October 3, the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum is hosting a kayak boat building program with Chesapeake Light Craft of Annapolis, Maryland. Class participation is limited with advanced registration needed. From 8am to 5pm each day participants will receive instruction and can either build their own 14', 16', 17' or 18' stitch and glue Chesapeake kayak, or assist in the building process.

"Partnering with Chesapeake Light Craft offers great opportunities for our participants," said CBMM's Boatyard Program Manager Jennifer Kuhn. "You'll receive hands on instruction throughout the program and experience the rewards of building your own kayak."

The cost to participate in the program is \$850 for a single tuition, \$450 for a helper and \$925-1025 for the boat kit. Pre registration is required by calling Chesapeake Light Craft at (410) 267-0137 or visiting [www.bit.ly/CLC\\_CBMM](http://www.bit.ly/CLC_CBMM). For more information, visit [www.clcboats.com](http://www.clcboats.com) or [www.cbmm.org](http://www.cbmm.org).

## Opinions...

### A Few Observations

I've very much enjoyed everything Suzanne Altenburger has ever written on 8 – *Messing About in Boats*, September 2015

your pages about SACPAS-3. How great it would be to have a motor cruiser capable of being put ashore bow on and then step easily out onto shore via a convenient ramp, dry shod! We often beached our Shearwater Yawl, *True North*, bow on, but then had to negotiate a rather commodious bow hatch (nonetheless, still a bow hatch) in order to gain a foothold ashore. Hey, if the US Navy doesn't move favorably for this vessel, how 'bout adapting SACPAS-3 just a bit (new designation for sure) as a cruising vessel for the discriminating owner!

Second, I ruefully enjoyed Billy Ruffian's "News From The Nanny State." When I was a Boy Scout in the 1950s our wise Scoutmaster would counsel us on the virtues of having a sheath knife with a blade significantly shorter than 6". We would then go hang out at the local Army Navy Surplus store (where a lot of their gear had actually seen service in WWII and Korea, and we could actually BUY it) and drool over the sheath knives, which were l-o-n-g-e-r than 6". They had bayonets, too, but our Scoutmaster held a dim view of bayonets.

As a teen age Explorer Scout I participated in an adventurous expedition into the Quetico equipped with a sheath knife quite a bit longer than 6", as well as a genuine khaki-covered cork hat from British Army service in India. Why was such a long knife desirable? Why, for throwing into trees, of course!

Nick Scheuer, Rockford, IL

### Tools of the Frontier

I'm glad "News from the Nanny State" struck a chord with a reader and I appreciate hearing about it. That reader's childhood included the pleasure of messing about with knives, throwing them into trees and other such pastimes not available to children of the nanny state. On this side of the Atlantic we're closer to our frontier roots. We see tools of the frontier as simply tools for hunting and camping and other diversions that recreate life on the frontier. Axe, knife and firearm symbolize self sufficiency not predatory criminals as in the nanny state.

I was struck by the discomfort of the Royal Marine officers in *Blokes Up North* when it came to handling a shotgun. After both tried shooting the shotgun the senior, Oliver, was happy to let Lancashire take charge of it. I presumed their firearm exposure was purely in the military context and shotguns fell into the criminal (or archaic) context. In North America a shotgun is simply a tool many use to put a turkey, grouse or even a deer on the table. Of course, try conveying that to my cohorts on the extreme California coast. Talk about feeling like an expat living in a foreign land!

Billy Ruffian

### Cedar Key is Still Manageable Size

You asked in the July issue, "Is Cedar Key growing to an unmanageable size?" Having been to 30 of the 31 meets and acted as the unofficial liaison, question answerer and blurb writer all these years, the answer is no. And yes, it does seem to be bigger every year. The only problem I see is when another boating event is scheduled the same weekend, an airboat gathering, or fishing tournament, that parking for boat trailers gets trickier. And as long as Andy Zimmerman and Meade Gougeon help support the Saturday night pot-

luck dinner at the Community Center, we're assured of good food and a place to fit all of us. Besides the boats and their people (I thank all of them) it is Cedar Key's unique seascape which rewards everyone.

Hugh Horton, Cedar Key, FL

## This Magazine...

### Enjoyed "1848 Collision at Sea"

I really enjoyed the "1848 Collision at Sea" story that David Kriebel sent in. It shows how hard life on the old sailing ships was and what the crews had to go through. It's tough to imagine putting a ship's boat in the ocean in a storm and rowing to the aid of another sinking ship. It sounds like this was just another day's work and it probably was. Thanks for sending it David.

Dave Lucas, Bradenton, FL

### Littoral Combat Ship Correction

Thanks to Doc Regan for his continuation of the "Beyond the Horizon" series. I have to point out a somewhat significant mistake in the July entry, though.

At the end of the "Gray Fleet" section he talks about the LCS ships to be stationed in Singapore. He confuses the LCS (Littoral Combat Ship) with the LHA and LHD classes of amphibious assault ships. At 3,100 tons (*LCS-2 Independence* class) to 3,500 tons (*LCS-1 Freedom* class) the LCS that is going to Singapore is bigger than a patrol boat but smaller than a frigate or destroyer. The crew of an LCS is about 40-43 (75 with the embarked helicopter detachment), so the three crew concept involves a total of about 225 people.

The "largest aviation platforms other than carriers" would be the *LHA-6 America* class at 44,900 tons and a crew of 1,050, and the *LHD-1 Wasp* class ships at 40,500 tons and a crew of 1,200, more than ten times the size of the LCS. The LCS is the type actually forward deployed in Singapore (<http://www.stripes.com/news/navy/first-littoral-combat-ship-arrives-in-singapore-1.217105>).

John Weiss, Edmonds, WA

## In Memoriam...

### Steve Lewis... Small Boat Designer

Steve Lewis, a small boat designer and builder, from Sioux City, Iowa, died in April. Typically seen at the Lake Pepin Messabout the first weekend in June, Steve was always prepared for everyone else's problems. He could jerry rig a new rudder or centerboard or boom in a jiffy with the tools and scraps of wood he carried for such emergencies. He constantly tried to find the perfect small boat and never saw a boat that he didn't think he could make better. He shall be missed in the Midwest.

Dr Stephen D. Regan, EdD, Cedar Rapids, IA





### Publisher Comments

"A *Thelon Odyssey* is W.H.B. Hoare's account of his northern trips in 1928-1929 (Journal of a Barrenlander) and 1930-1931 (Return to the Barrens). Hoare was sent by the Department of the Interior to establish the boundaries of the newly declared Thelon Game Sanctuary, survey the muskoxen population and build a warden's cabin. All this to be accomplished on foot, by dogsled and canoe. This edition of *A Thelon Odyssey* includes the hitherto unpublished 1930-1931 journal along with a reprint of the 1928-1929 journal first published in 1990. It also includes photographs by Hoare, a biographical sketch, maps, editorial material by Hoare's daughter, Sheila Thomson, an extensive bibliography, and other supplementary material that enriches our historical knowledge of this area. Hoare and his partner, Knox, struggled with faulty maps through blizzards, vicious cold, rotten ice, slush, freezing water, and finally clouds of mosquitoes and black flies. They slept in the open, in tents, in makeshift lean-toes, in trapper's cabins, while portaging tons of supplies stored at various caches, by sleigh and canoe."

### Break-Up On The Thelon

For more than a month, spring thaw prevented W.H.B. from leaving Warden's Grove. Determined to find a means of getting out to Baker Lake where supplies and instructions awaited them, W.H.B. attempted to build a raft from the gnarled and twisted spruce, but soon gave it up as impracticable. Instead, he set to work to construct a small canoe, improvising at every turn, and putting the most unlikely odds and ends of equipment into its construction. A rough but serviceable craft resulted.

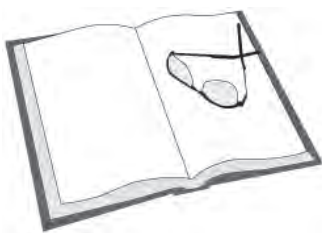
(Canoe related extracts from his daily log follow—Editor)

June 1: ...then spent the rest of the day hunting for material to make framework of a small exploring canoe. In evening trimmed piece for keel and bow...for stem and stern posts had to hew very large roots down and did not finish one yet.

June 2: Getting material for canoe... making bow and stern posts and fastening to keel. Work is very slow when everything has to be fashioned with axe and knife.

June 3: I spent the day on canoe...laid the keel and lined it up...then cut a spruce sapling and hewed it down for a rib...tried to bend it on canoe but too many knots so made a template from sleigh shoe and tried another...it bent all right.

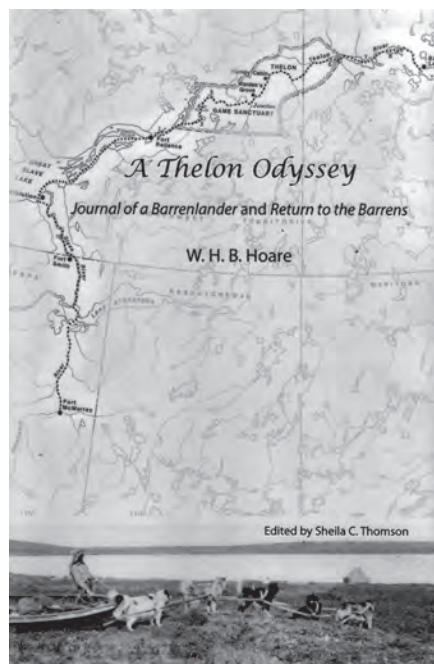
Exploring canoe under construction with Thelon base cabin in background.



## Book Reviews

### A Thelon Odyssey

By W.H.B. Hoare  
Editor: Sheila C. Thomson  
McGahern Stewart Publishing  
368 Dalhousie St, Suite 30  
Ottawa, ON K1N 7G3  
ISBN: 978-0-9868600-4-1  
Price: \$24.95



June 4: I spent the day hewing ribs for canoe.

June 5: Spent day hewing canoe ribs and bending to shape.

June 6: Spent the day making canoe.

June 7: I worked on canoe...It rained

### Editor Comments

I've always been fascinated with the Arctic and Antarctic (I dunno why but it's there!) and after reading two earlier books from McGahern Stewart, *Distant Summers* (in two volumes) which I reviewed in the June 2014 issue, I wasted no time immersing myself in this gripping tale of real world survival and self reliance by two men just doing their jobs in truly challenging conditions. No "beam me up Scotty" stuff for them in 1928-30 (the year I was born). The author and his companion had to resolve all issues they faced on their own.

While this book involves a lot of winter dog sledding and wild land survival living, canoes (including one the author built from the only available trees) figure large in it as the best way to move themselves and all the freight they were carrying through the untracked northern wilderness on rivers of heroic scale.

To give you an in depth taste of what awaits the reader, what follows is a lengthy excerpt from the book. Enjoy, and if you wanna know more get the book!

most of day so I rigged an awning where I was working.

June 8: I put the day in on the canoe.

June 9: Rain turned to snow, then got colder and began to blow harder. I hewed and planed some strips to reinforce the ribs of the canoe.

June 11: When it was not raining too hard I spent time working on canoe.

June 12: Freezing all day, I worked on new canoe.

June 13: I finished framework of canoe but had quite a time getting enough small nails, last two days have been making nails with a file from a piece of stiff wire.

June 14: I spent rest of day patching canvas to make a canoe cover.

June 15: I spent day sewing canvas for canoe cover.

June 16: I covered canoe during day and experimented with bacon wrappings, coal oil and candle grease to make a waterproof dressing.

June 17: NE wind with rain so rested from my labors.

June 19: I made outer keel for canoe and put it to soak so I can bend it round bow and stern posts when canvas has been waterproofed.

June 20: In the intervals between showers made gunnel for one side of canoe.

June 21: It became very hot in the bright sunshine so right after canoe got dried off I painted it with a mixture of hot tar (obtained from the bacon wrappings) and coal oil.

Macdonald Falls, Hanbury River, NWT.



June 22: I put keel and gunnels on canoe in afternoon and tried it in evening. It leaks a little round a couple of the bolts.

June 23: I made a pair of double paddles.

### Primitive Journey In A Primeval Land

No sooner was the river open than W.H.B. set off up the Thelon on an exploring trip in his small hand-made canoe. At the Junction he cached the canoe and proceeded on foot up the Hanbury carrying his rifle, bedroll and food. When he reached Macdonald Falls, he resolved to risk one more attempt to retrieve the big canoe, left in cache buried on feet of ice and snow at the Fifty Yard Portage. Knowing that he would have to swim or ford the flood-swollen tributaries of the Hanbury, he cached rifle, bedroll, and part of his food under a rock at Macdonald Falls.

The record of his tramp up the Hanbury reads like an account of primitive man's migration across the tundra. Lakes and streams in his path forced him many miles off his course. Twice he resorted to a cake of ice for a boat. At night he slept on the ground, rolled in a tarp with hot boulders for warmth. When his food ran short, he found himself robbing a wild bird's nest, and trying to get caribou with no weapon other than rocks.

The canoe, when he found it, was at last freed from its winter snow bank, but the lakes on the Hanbury were still blocked with ice, necessitating long and tedious detours to get the canoe around the shoreline. The 180lb canoe was too heavy for him to backpack and too easily damaged to be dragged across rough terrain. Weak from hunger and exertion, it took him two days to work the canoe as far as Macdonald Falls and the safety of rifle and food cache. The wild cataracts of the lower Hanbury were still before him.

At midnight on July 8 he cached the big canoe at the head of the Dickson Canyon, and walked all night down the Hanbury to where he hid left his hand-made craft. From there he paddled back to Warden's Grove to get help from Knox (his companion), who returned to the Canyon with him.

Still difficulties dogged this trip to the end. An entire day of portaging was wasted

Dickson Canyon, Hanbury River, NWT.



Helen Falls, Hanbury River, NWT.

when a stream on a trial portage route proved un-navigable. The racing floodwaters below Helen Falls occasioned some risky manoeuvres in the canoe, and one of the huskies (sled dog) narrowly escaped drowning below the Ten Foot Falls.

After days of exerting himself beyond his strength, W.H.B. arrived back at Warden's Grove on July 13, content in the recovery at last of the big canoe which would carry them back to civilization.

### By Canoe to Baker Lake

On July 20, Hoare and Knox set out on the 390 mile canoe journey to Baker Lake. The big canoe was equipped with both oars and paddles, and W.H.B. had also rigged a sail for it. They hoped to save the motor for use on the big lakes as there was only a limited supply of gas left. With the five huskies aboard, their big canoe was overloaded, and they decided to tow part of the gear in the small hand-made canoe.

About seventy miles down the river, they came upon Hornby's (a lost explorer) canoe where it had drifted ashore. They took time to patch and repair it. Then, transferring the dogs and part of their gear into it, they continued on downstream in the two canoes. Possibly the hand-made canoe was abandoned here.

On July 28 on Aberdeen Lake they were stopped by ice, and for six days they were forced to maneuver the canoes around and through ice on Aberdeen and Schultz Lakes. Frequently they found themselves pinned in camp, waiting for the ice to loosen or for a lead to open up so that they could proceed. The vagaries of wind, weather, and the shifting ice dictated an erratic travelling schedule. On Schultz Lake they caught up to the trapper Nelson, also held up by ice, and the three men travelled on together, arriving at Baker Lake on August 6. As they paddled in to the Baker Lake post, the plane that flew over them foretold an end to the old era of canoe and dog team travel in the North.

### In Conclusion

It is scarcely possible in the 1990s to grasp the utter remoteness of the unmapped central Barrenlands of 1928, the stark reality of two men alone in those Barrenlands in winter, without fire to thaw out frozen clothing, without a source of food, without the life-lines of radio and aeroplane. Nevertheless, with the easy application of hindsight, many questions arise.

Why did they choose to follow the disastrous Campbell Lake route? It seems safe to answer that they were betrayed by the maps of the day, which showed a broad uninterrupted water route from Campbell Lake to the Thelon. Thus their plan to transport their outfit by dog team as far as Ford Lake, and then change to canoe travel, seemed reasonable. Their massive outfit, however, made dogsled progress so slow that break-up arrived before they reached Ford Lake.

Why was the expedition so heavily outfitted as to hamper mobility? In a word, death by starvation was the well-documented fate of more than one ill-equipped northern expedition. The men were attempting to take two years' supplies into the sanctuary, where no supplies of any kind would be procurable. They were carrying both winter and summer outfits, as well as supplies needed to build a warden's post. The latter were given priority over food when part of the outfit had to be left in cache at Ford Lake. It is to be remembered, too, that 1928 preceded by decades the revolution in lightweight wilderness outfitting.

Why did they not provide themselves with at least two teams of huskies? Certainly, their one dog team was inadequate for transporting their massive outfit. Yet the ever-present problem of feeding the five huskies became a nightmare when the caribou disappeared. The expedition could not have fed ten or twelve dogs in the empty barrens.

Particularly heavy and hampering were the cases of fuel that were carried for the canoe engine and for the little primus stove. The primus stove can almost certainly be credited with saving their lives. Even had they managed to cross the winter barrens without it, they would have been reduced to eating raw meat, and would have lacked this means of obtaining water.

One cannot help wondering whether they might have abandoned the plan to use a motor on the canoe, had they been able to foresee an entire summer of portaging before they could make effective use of the motor. Undoubtedly they would at least have kept to the traditional Lockhart River route. Remembering that everything had to be relayed along the route, which meant that the swift Hanbury River would have to be paddled upstream as well as down, it is difficult to guess what their decision about carrying gasoline and motor might have been.

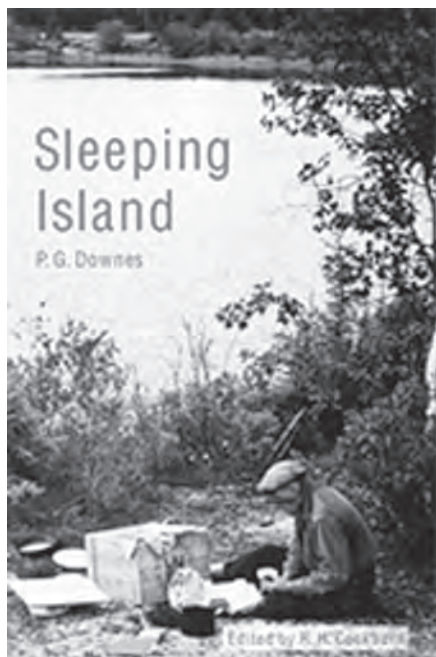
Inspector Trundle, travelling down and back up the Hanbury River on the Hornby case in the summer of 1929 reported, "The



carrying of gas increased the number of packs but was well worth it." Trundle, however, made only a five-week summer patrol, and had a third man along to help with the portaging. It is a question of judging the point of diminishing returns for Hoare and Knox.

We leave to the historians any further comment on this barrenland expedition and

## *Sleeping Island* The Story of One Man's Travels in the Great Barren Lands of the Canadian North



"As a narrative of an arduous canoe voyage, *Sleeping Island* has few equals. The author was, of course, fortunate to have travelled when he did into little known, unmapped country where the natives still lived on the land and there remained a tangible aura of wilderness mystery. Nowadays, 7- years on, the book kindles nostalgia.

Here are vivid descriptions of trial and error on rivers and lakes, of poling and paddling, of sweat drenched portaging, columns of smoke rise from bush fires on the horizon, across miles of water, deserted trading posts decay along abandoned trade routes, canoeloads of Chipewyans appear suddenly, down from the Barrens, foul weather and windbound camps are followed by days of surpassing beauty, depression and exhilaration, companionship and separation, are tellingly conveyed.

It took Downes and his partner 22 days to canoe from Brochet, at the northeast end of Reindeer Lake, to their destination, the HBC's Nueltin Lake post on the Windy River, Northwest Territories. Canoemen today, armed with excellent maps (and often a GPS), carrying freeze dried food, skilled in whitewater techniques and paddling lighter, nearly indestructible synthetic canoes, have sometimes followed Downes' route in less time, but not, one supposes, with anything approximating his sensation of discovery and accomplishment." (R.H. Cockburn, from Introduction to *Sleeping Island*)

the men who carried it out. Here, simply, is their record, to be added to the annals of the Barrenlands, the final chapter of an era that has passed into history.

### Epilogue

In the end, heroic efforts to carry out this Thelon assignment were to no avail. Hoare Point, a mere name on the map of the lower Thelon River, is all that recalls this grueling expedition of the 1930s. The timing of W.H.B. Hoare's two Thelon expeditions, 1928 to 1931, preceded (but just barely) the revolutionary use of air travel in the Canadian North. In 1930, W.H.B. spent day after day, week after week, month after month of strenuous effort moving his heavy outfit up the Thelon River by canoe and dog team. A year or two later, he would have travelled effortlessly by plane, with his supplies landed conveniently at his station for him, perhaps, even with the lifeline of radio contact with the outside world in case of emergency.

W.H.B. returned to Ottawa from the Thelon in the fall of 1931. The comfortable outside world had plunged into the bleak years of the Great Depression. The Northwest Territories and Yukon branch of the Department of the Interior was disbanded, W.H.B.'s position abolished. There followed years of discouraging job-hunting, periods of short-term employment at depression-time wages, periods of humiliating unemployment, the loss of the family home. Along with tens of thousands of desperate Canadians, he struggled to survive the ravages of this cruel era.

In the summer of 1937 W.H.B. made his last northern journey travelling down the

Hanbury and Thelon Rivers as assistant to C.H.D. Clarke, who was carrying out a biological survey of the Thelon Game Sanctuary. This 1937 trip was the final chapter of his northern adventures. The final decade of W.H.B.'s life was spent on civilian staff of the R.C.M.P. in Ottawa.

Ironically, after years of escaping death by starvation, storm, or misadventure in the far north, W.H.B. Hoare died in a motor accident near Ottawa in 1948.

It is doubtful that the warden's cabin at Hoare Point was ever completed. David Pelly, in *Thelon, A River Sanctuary*, did not find answers to how or whether the cabin was ever finished, although he says that there were still remnants of it on Hoare Point in 1996.

### McGahern Stewart Publishing

McGahern Stewart Publishing is an independent Ottawa-based publishing house that specializes in books on northern travel. It was formed in 2011 in an attempt to bring out-of-print and never-before-published accounts of northern travel to the public's attention in a series called "Forgotten Northern Classics." McGahern Stewart Publishing is committed to making these historical northern titles available in high-quality, handsome editions with maps, photographs, and supplementary editorial material for the reader of the literature of the north. To order and for inquiries, please contact us at:

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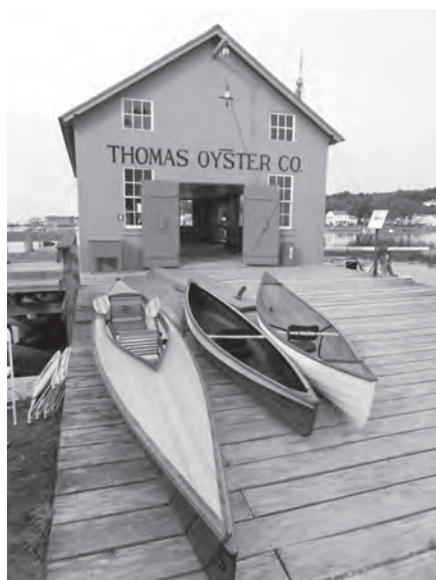
# A Brief Look Around at the WoodenBoat Show

By Richard Honan

## Show Scenes



## Seaport Scenes





At Mystic Seaport June 26, 27 and 28, Mystic Seaport partnered with *WoodenBoat* and our local chapter of the Traditional Small Craft Association to host the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop as part of the *WoodenBoat* Show. Participants enjoyed both the Show and followed John Gardner's example in showing that traditional small craft are a practical and economical way to enjoy the water. The Small Craft Workshop was based on Australia Beach where a string of floats was provided for our use. The Workshop included display of participant's boats, shared use of participant's boats at the discretion of the owners, demonstrations of small boat skills, free use of the Seaport's Livery boats, morning rows on Saturday and Sunday and guided access to the Museum's boat storage area. It was a great time to get together with like minded traditional boat folks to share our love and knowledge of traditional small craft with others and spend some quality time with friends new and old on the beach and underway.

### Demonstrations and Workshops

Several workshops were held on both land and water. These were presented by workshop participants on Friday at 3pm, Saturday at 11am, 1pm and 3pm and Sunday at 11am and 1pm.

Rob Pittaway led off on Friday afternoon with a discussion of his design *Robin*, an 18' cat ketch built by Mike Kiefer in Michigan. Loosely based on the shape of a Columbia dinghy, it is very seaworthy and would make an excellent oar and sail boat for the likes of the Small Reach Regatta.

Thad Danielson presented first thing Saturday morning with a demonstration of leathering oars. He dispensed with pre-drilling holes in thick belt leather and instead laced with his needles as he went along using thin but hard surfaced leather, cut long (24") without buttons.

George Spragg followed with a description of building the John Atkin Skiff *Nina*, which splashed just the morning before. The result of a group build by our local John Gardner Chapter, it was built at the Community Boathouse on the campus of the University of Connecticut at Avery Point. George freely shared his techniques and trade secrets.

Kevin Rathbone moved us out onto the dock as he walked us through the intricacies of the sprit rig. Using his ketch rigged Culler



## John Gardner Small Craft Workshop

Beach Skiff as an example, he described his rigging techniques for both peak and boom sprits. No hardware was used, only spliced eyes and thimbles to make a flexible, reef-able rig.

Bill Rutherford moved back to the theoretical on Sunday, sharing rules of thumb for design of small boat sails using the sail for *Nina* as an example. Karen Rutherford contributed with tips for sewing seams and reinforcing corners. This presentation was followed by a comparison of approaches to decide length of oars, again using skiff *Nina* as an example. Three approaches were used resulting, of course, with three different recommended lengths. The consensus was to start long and whittle down until they "feel right."

Brian Cooper set up Saturday after the morning row, using drawshave and plane, and carved a Greenland paddle from an absolutely clear piece of cedar. He continued, amid many questions and comments through to Sunday afternoon. His paddles complement the beautiful strip planked sea kayak he brought to the meet.

### Morning Paddle/Row

Workshop attendees who wished to join the cruise down the Mystic River to Mason's Island or upriver to Old Mystic (the direction depending on favorable wind and tide), gathered at Australia Beach at 8am on Saturday and Sunday. Efforts were made to place participants who did not bring boats on another attendee's boat or a John Gardner TSCA dory. Saturday we went up the river against the tide but powered down with the wind and tide behind us. Sunday was a bit dreary but still resulted in a tour of the waterfront to observe the Show's boats from the water.

### Mystic Seaport

#### Small Boat Collection Open House

The Museum's Small Boat Collection, which is not normally open to the public, was open each day of the Show from 2:30pm to 4:30pm. Now called Watercraft Hall, it is accessed through the loading dock doors in the rear of the Collections Building on the opposite side of the street from the Latitude 41 Restaurant. We offered a guided tour of the Collection leaving from the TSCA Booth at Australia Beach on both Saturday and Sunday afternoons at 3:30pm. A few other small boats on display were observed on the way across the Museum campus as opportunity presented. We were fortunate on Sunday to have Ben Fuller, the former curator of Small Craft at Mystic Seaport, lead the tour.

### Saturday Night Dinner

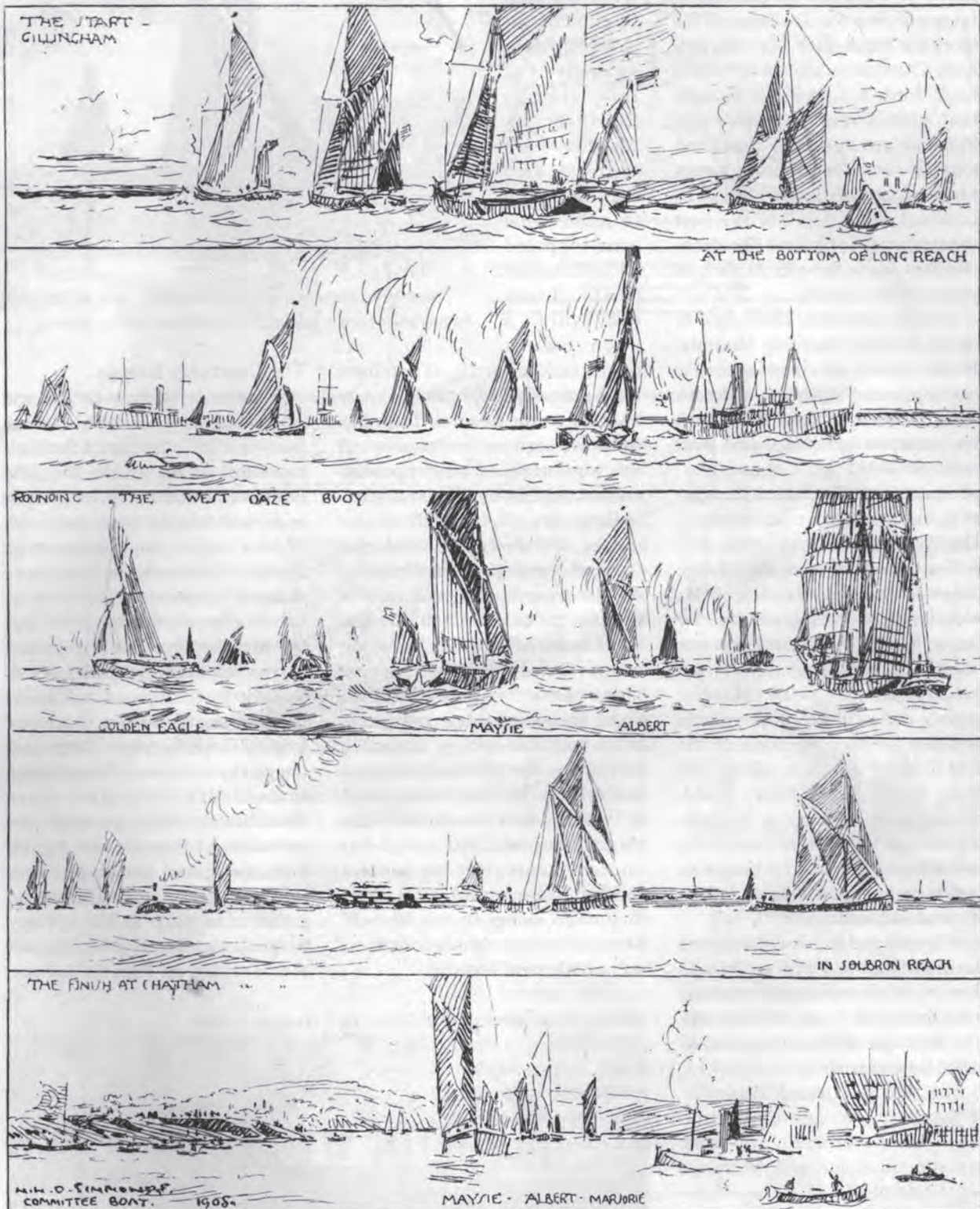
On Saturday night we were encouraged to join other *WoodenBoat* Show participants in the River Room at Latitude 41 for a Tribute Dinner for Dick Pulsifer. Tickets needed to be pre purchased from *WoodenBoat* in advance of the Show. Others were invited to Bill and Karen Rutherford's home in nearby Stonington for a backyard barbecue which evolved into a sea music singalong. Might have had something to do with that Real McCoy rum.





# The 1908 Sailing Barge Races ~ A Mystery?

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The drawings above and the text immediately below appeared in an issue of *Yachting Monthly* soon after the races were held. Both the drawings and the text with them throw up one or two questions – indeed, the result of the main Thames event, as given in the text, contradicts the record that has come down to us. Read on:

"One of the finest sights to be seen on the working end of the Thames is the annual sailing barge race. This year (1908), for the first time, two matches were held. The champion boats, *Giralda* and *Veronica*, having so often outpaced their rivals, the committee deemed it wise to institute a second race for working barges, sailed with the ordinary crew



and in trading conditions.

For the Champion Cup *Giralda* was first home, but, owing to some breach of the rules during a calm at the start, she was disqualified in favour of *Veronica*. The result of the working barge race was *Marjorie* first, *Creeksea* second, and *Golden Eagle* third. It is generally thought that such barges as *Giralda* and *Veronica* are specially designed for this race. The former is a very fast boat, but her owner, Mr. F. D. Lambert, considers her the best freight-carrier in his fleet. The above sketches show the race at various points of the course."

(Author unknown: could even be the 1st Editor of *Yachting Monthly*, Herbert Reiach, who wrote under the nom de plume of 'M.I.N.A.' – 'Member of the Institute of Naval Architects'. The magazine had started two years earlier, in 1906.)

### The Background

The history of the sailing barge races is irresistible; it recalls wonderful stories generated by larger than life characters in famous boats. The races probably started as early as 1844 with informal private competitions and regattas organised under the aegis of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club, but as we know, it took Henry Dodd, 'The Golden Dustman', to sponsor the sort of racing that raised the 'sailormen' – the term for barges as well as crew – to their rightful place in public esteem.

It began in 1863 and organised barge racing is still with us, though there have been many interruptions over the years. It seems there are over 40 barges in a condition to race at the time of writing.

The 1863 race tested the water. It was won by one of Dodd's boats that never again appeared in competition, but in 1864 things began to settle: '... a match for first-class topsail barges not exceeding 100 tons, and second-class stumpie-rigged barges not exceeding 80 tons burden ... from Erith to the Chapman Light and back.' (*Illustrated London News*).

Practical problems were there

from the start: the difficulty of matching disparate boats fairly and how to control the unstoppable search for race-winning designs by owners with money and the ambition to refine what were supposed to be work boats. From the start, a keen owner might tack an artificial forefoot, known as a 'gripe', onto his lowly barge's swim head to improve her windward performance – and this kind of thing was approved enthusiastically by the committee.

Between 1864 and 1885 the racing fleets were divided into 'Topsails' and 'Spritsails' classes. As time went on the situation became more complicated. The *Yachting Monthly* writer is wrong to say, 'This year (1908) for the first time two matches were held'. Two fleets, each containing compatible boats, had always been fielded. In fact it was the old Coaster Class dating from 1905 that was replaced in 1908 by a new class for working barges that prohibited any go-fast improvements over the normal working spars and sails, and they raced alongside the separate Champion class, which contained only *Giralda* and *Veronica*.



There were cameras as well as sketch pads at the 1908 barge races: here is *Veronica* being beaten on the Thames.

### The Champion Barges

The rivalry between *Giralda* and *Veronica* became notorious. *Giralda*, named after a tower of Seville's cathedral (which reveals the lofty human ambition that lay behind her inception) was the most successful of four barges commissioned by the firm Goldsmith's of Grays from different builders for the 1897 races, specifically to 'win the Gold Cup' (worth 125 guineas, and presented to commemorate Victoria's Jubilee).

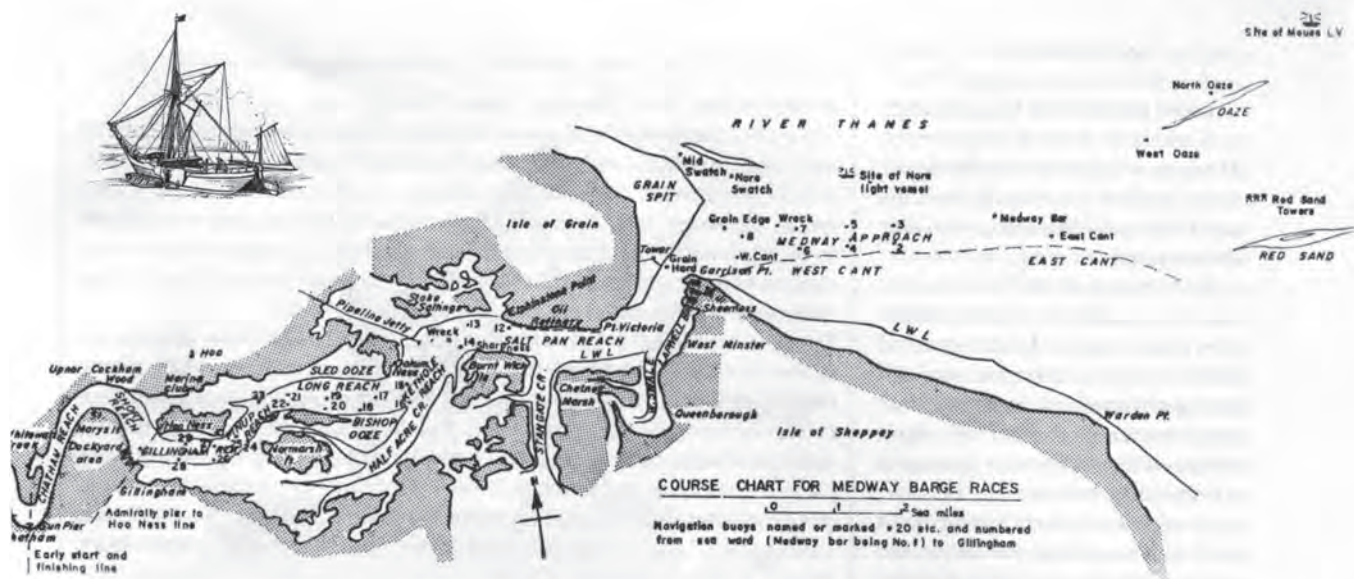
Built by JR Piper, *Giralda* was the only one of the four to achieve lasting fame, but her career was dogged by controversy from the off.

Her first owners were immediately unhappy with her and claimed that she was lightly built and leaked (which probably resulted from an unreported collision as much as her springy bottom), but the ensuing lawsuit was decided in Piper's favour;

*Marjorie's* broadside launch at Cann's Yard, Harwich, in 1899







(Use this chart and the text on page 58 to understand the drawings of the race on page 55)

he was awarded £300 and took back the vessel, which then won regularly for him in 1898, while at the same time he worked her hard in trade.

Apparently she was not a barge to turn heads – except to laugh at her. Above the waterline she was flat and plain with very little sheer, but below it she had a rockered keel and a hull that was slim in proportion to its length; and she sported similar bows to the reputedly fast racer *Haughty Belle*.

It seems that *Giralda* was always raced hard and ruthlessly during her short but spectacular career and she was frequently protested successfully by her rivals – so the YM story about her being disqualified is quite believable.

Forcing other boats to go about when they had right of way and luffing out the closest opposition seem to have been the infringements of choice for her crew. She was not alone in this. Hervey Benham (*Down Tops* '1): 'I suspect that the impetuous individualism of those days was not ideally suited to the niceties of racing to rules.'

The lawsuit and other disagreements actually led to the break-up and replacement of the racing committee after 1899, by which time Piper had sold *Giralda* to FD Lambert, who owned her until 1913, enjoying consistent racing success.

In 1903 she was beaten into second place by *Sara* by only 55 seconds, having been overhauled in the last mile. Thereafter, *Giralda* won in 1904 and 1905, but her nemesis, *Veronica*, prevailed in her debut year, 1906. In 1908 *Giralda* had her revenge (the 1907 race was scratched with only three entries), beating *Veronica* by two minutes 38 seconds – but was she really disqualified after breaking the rules at the start, as claimed in the *Yachting Monthly*?

The 1908 race was *Giralda's* last. She was badly damaged in 1910,

and although she was repaired and returned to work she never raced again. *Giralda* is often said to be the most famous racer of them all. A 54-ton sailing barge, built in 1905, was named *Surge*, which stood for '*Sure U R Giralda's Equal*'. She wasn't, though she did win twice.



*Surge*

Photo R Stimson

But *Veronica* simply became the most successful racing sailing barge of them all. She had a career that stretched from her Thames win in 1906 to the late 20th century: her final record is said to be 25 wins, 11 of them after 13 consecutive starts,



*Sara*, Coronation Match, Thames, 1953

Photo by JH Buddle



In half a gale of wind *Sara*, with white topsail, overtakes *Giralda* on the final run home in the 1903 race, to win by 55 seconds after trailing earlier by seven minutes, and to set a new course record of 5hrs 11 mins 10 secs.

Drawn by Roger Finch



not to mention her high placings.

*Giralda's* record was seven Thames wins and four Medway wins, with three second placings – but this was confined to just over eleven years of racing.

Both boats were built to win races, no matter how much freight they were said to have carried between times. *Veronica* was still being altered to improve her performance during her refit, aged fifty, in 1955, with hollow sprits and a Bermudian mizzen.

*Giralda* had been racing hard for nine years when the handsome and pristine *Veronica* arrived on the scene. A case of black swan/white swan, I think you'll agree, reversing the usual order of appearance.

### The First Mystery

The 1908 race was a waymark in barge racing history. The previous year's event had been cancelled through lack of interest, and after 1908 there were no more races on the Thames until 1927. The Medway fared better with fixtures in 1909, 1910, 1911 and 1914, but then came the hiatus until 1927.

The 'home team' in the Medway were almost unbeatable on their own water at the time, and probably the new 'working barges' division suited them fine (see text block above).

The first race of 1908 was on the Thames, and the 'mystery' is that the winners reported in the YM text do not fit those on the YM drawing.

In the last frame we see the finish, with Mr M.M.D. Simmonds standing in the Committee Boat to the right, waving something to welcome the first three over the line. If you concentrated first on this picture with the names of the boats, as I did, you too would have driven yourself quietly insane for five minutes before you realised that the graphics are of the later Medway Race in 1908, not the earlier Thames race, despite the text being clearly a commentary on the Thames event.

A massive editorial clanger! I guess that an artist and a writer were asked to submit something on the 1908 races that would go together, and there was no communication

### Rules for the 1908 'Working Class' Racing Fleet

The entrant had to be an ordinary working barge, never having won a prize, and the sails used for racing were to have been fitted and in use by February 17th, 1908, without enlargement. Five sails were allowed: mainsail, foresail, topsail, mizzen and jib. No bowsprits, booms or outriggers allowed. Rudders and leeboards not to be 'improved'. Hold to be clean swept, hatches to be battened down, and all working gear to be on board. The boat (tender) to be left ashore. Barges to start under way, and the crew to be master and two hands only.

*These rules proved to be popular and the class was judged to be an improvement on the 1906 'Coasting Class', which allowed six hands and seven sails, among other complexities. The timing of the 1908 Thames race was unusual in that it was by the clock, not given as elapsed time. If both classes started together, which is likely, then Giralda came home at 19.11.00 (7:11pm) and the winner of the Working Class race, Marjorie, came in at 19.23.00 (7:23pm), just 12 minutes later – not bad going. No times were recorded for the six entries in the Medway race (all Working Class boats). These simple rules might have encouraged much bigger racing fleets of working vessels had not the Thames races stopped in 1908 until 1927.*

thereafter. On the Thames, *Giralda* took the Champions class, and there was also a very respectable turnout of eleven boats in the working barge class, the first six finishing:

1. *Marjorie* (built Harwich)
  2. *Creeksea*
  3. *Golden Eagle*
  4. *Maysie*
  5. *Marjorie* (Rochester)
  6. *Pickwick*
- & four others unnamed in the records.

In the Medway race held later, there were working barge entries only – no greyhounds of the sea – and there were just six entries, the first four over the line being:

1. *Maysie*
2. *Albert*
3. *Marjorie*
4. *Golden Eagle*

Using this information and the chart on the previous page, you can now return to the YM's sketches of the race and make sense of them.

(Below) *Veronica* wears a suit of expensive sails 'fit to break the heart of an honest sailorman' – but she is racing hard here in 1962 and carries her 56 years lightly: note the wet mainsail foot and her lee rail dipping under. (*Veronica* retired and became a houseboat in 1963, eventually to be hulked) © A Pyner







The NMM dated this photograph of *Giralda* as 1900, in which case the big race-winner's ensign carries that date and was earned when *Giralda* triumphed over just three other barges racing on the Thames that year. But might the date be 1908?

### The Bigger Mystery

So why did the *Yachting Monthly* writer claim that *Giralda* was disqualified in the Thames race, when the records – and all respected authorities – mention her win and the revenge she took on *Veronica*?

There was only one crammed page devoted to these races in the *Yachting Monthly*, which remained an elite gentlemen's journal until Maurice Griffiths took over in 1927, eventually to pass on the editor's job to 'Des' Sleightholme 40 years later – so perhaps the barge matches were just an interesting novelty to those gentlemen in 1908, not to be taken too seriously. Which lends an honest dignity to the 'newly swept' rules of the working barge class, in my opinion (top of last page).

Or had the writer been confused



by the 'working barge' *Marguerite's* disqualification? I discovered a



photograph of *Giralda* (above). It shows her dressed overall, flying her Champion flags and the house flag of her owner, FD Lambert. Like most of these old photographs of sailing vessels it was donated to the National Maritime Museum at some point, and they have dated it as 1900, but it wouldn't be the first time I had found the NMM to be wrong – if they were. So I scanned the image at high resolution and blew up the relevant part (left). I'm not sure how clear this image will be in the bulletin when you read this, but when I held a magnifying

glass on that marvellous winner's flag hanging down to the deck, reminiscent of a white ensign, I convinced myself that the final digit could not be a zero as the arc of the circle that showed was too small. Neither could it be a six, as *Giralda* took only third place on the Thames in 1906 and didn't race on the Medway in that year.

A pennant hangs down over the date, obscuring it in that amusing and infuriating way that irrelevant details sometimes have of standing in your light when you are researching something impatiently.

But then I counted the flags again: seven; six winners' pennants if you subtract the owner's house flag. Back to the records. Yes, *Giralda's* win in 1900 was her sixth. Nice try, but no cigar for me this time.

Perhaps there was an enquiry afterwards that reinstated the winner. Whatever happened, the YM commentator was wrong.

Nothing can last forever, but famous sailors and their triumphant vessels fade too quickly into history. *Giralda* became a mooring barge in 1928 and rotted quietly away.

After her long racing career *Veronica*, renamed *Veronica Belle*, became a houseboat in 1963. Finally she was abandoned as a hulk at Bedlams Bottom, Sittingbourne, where she presently rests the weight of her 109 years (above).

As Scott Fitzgerald once remarked, 'Show me a hero and I'll write you a tragedy.'



The British Royal Marines have given us two great small boat adventures, *Canoeing the Congo* by Phil Harwood (2013) and *Blokes Up North* by Kev Oliver and Tony Lancashire (2014). Both follow historical routes, Harwood a portion of Stanley's descent of the Congo River, Oliver and Lancashire a portion of the Northwest Passage. Harwood had served five years as a Royal Marine Commando and then embarked on a career instructing and leading adventure trips as well as pursuing solo adventures. Oliver and Lancashire, still on active duty, took extended leaves for their adventure. Their units encouraged adventure vacations and even loaned Oliver and Lancashire equipment. Here the two boating adventures diverge. Attitudes toward equipment are as far apart as the latitudes of equatorial versus arctic.

"As far as I was concerned the less stuff I had the better," Harwood begins his gear discussion. And he concludes, "Less is more." His Royalex canoe is only materially more modern than the traditional Norseboat which Oliver and Lancashire choose. Harwood forgoes the convenience of a stove and, rain or shine, cooks his rice on campfires. He does bring a modern paddle but he poles his canoe with two pieces of local wood that also serve to support his mosquito net. Harwood admits a tendency to give away his possessions, not just items brought for diplomacy. At the very start he gives away his only pair of sunglasses. This gesture, in equatorial Africa, not only shows Harwood's generosity but is early evidence of what friends term his "masochistic tendencies."

Stoicism (if not masochism) certainly facilitates simplicity. John Muir would sleep with only a coat between himself and ground snow. Pretty simple. But it's not comfort level which distinguishes the Congo outfit from the Arctic outfit. Much of their time Oliver and Lancashire were physically more miserable than Harwood. But they had the consolation of laptop computer with satellite links to emails and blog as well as meteorological reports. Harwood literally poked his way through swamps as he pursued the evanescent current. Oliver and Lancashire followed their progress with GPS and when stuck in the ice received progress reports from an icebreaker's helicopter. Often there was no progress. Weather reports helped them assess the next segment of their route. But information is double edged. GPS can remind you that you're going nowhere fast. Accurate weather forecasts can have you despairing over headwinds before you're actually fighting them.

There's also the care and feeding and frustration that comes with complex and fragile equipment (i.e., electronics in hostile wet environments). iPod and speakers cheered along Oliver and Lancashire as they rowed against headwinds. But the iPod failed to function for most of their first season and all of their electronics depended upon battery and solar panel. Lancashire and Oliver got along amazingly well in difficult circumstances. But their batteries and solar panel were continually at odds. Harwood's only electronic mishap occurred when a camera battery slipped overboard. In chest deep water he probed with his feet while he imagined crocodiles vs forfeiting one of his three batteries. Harwood calculated he was better off with two legs and two batteries than with one leg and three batteries! Maybe he's not such a masochist.



## Different Kits Different Trips

Both teams had cameras, still and movie, and these proved the least prone to failure. Beyond cameras, however, the more gear and more complicated the gear, the more frustration. Even the reverse osmosis pump failed the blokes up north. It's nice that the backup wasn't critically needed but sobering to find it unreliable. The degree of equipment failure and frustration reflects not just the differing amount of electronic and other gear but also familiarity. Harwood had been planning his trip for 15 years and prepped for it over three years. As his mantra, "Six Ps," puts it, "Prior Planning and Preparation Prevents Poor Performance." He had made other shoestring expeditions to Africa and had guided nature safaris. Harwood knew his scene and the better one knows the scene the closer needs and outfit mesh. (Just compare what the professional guide brings vs the clients' mass of paraphernalia..

Oliver and Lancashire knew the Arctic scene only from the perspective of mountain warfare, the Royal Marines routinely train in Norway. And I suspect that their military background partly accounted for their high tech approach. But it's still a leap from cold weather mountain training to living in an open boat midst ice floes. Their planning and prep time was relatively short and repeatedly eroded by their full time jobs and other responsibilities. Harwood had to time his route around rainy and dry season but the short Arctic summer was even more of a constraint to Oliver and Lancashire. They ended up taking two summers to complete their route and there was never time for dry runs for much of their equipment like the RO pump.

Harwood traveled much closer to the style of Stanley than Lancashire and Oliver did to the style of Amundsen. That reflects not just the difference in kits but more critically the style in which the local population lived. The fisherman Harwood encountered along the Congo lived subsistence lives pretty similar to those with whom Stanley bartered. Harwood could supplement his provisions with fresh or dried fish as well as fruit and varieties of nshima, maize, yam or cassava. Lancashire and Oliver could hardly have adapted to the Arctic in a comparable manner. Today's Arctic populations are concentrated in a few enclaves about which they zoom, depending on the season, with outboard, quad runner or snowmobile. Government subsidies and personnel support the enclaves along with occasional visits from scientific or recreational expeditions. Traditional subsistence living (fishing, sealing,

trapping) is purely optional. Outside of the snow, ice and ocean Amundsen wouldn't recognize today's Arctic, not as Stanley would recognize much of today's Congo.

Thus, *Canoeing the Congo* and *Blokes Up North* differ as much in historical climate as they do in physical climate. The opening to "The Go Between" puts it well, "The past is like a foreign country, they do things differently there." Harwood did things more differently from his fellow Royal Marines up north than from Stanley (or even Mungo Park a century prior to Stanley). Routinely facing thugs, official or unofficial, with or without AK47s, Harwood didn't have the Stanley option (and faulted tendency) to shoot it out. Harwood projected charm or anger as needed to avoid or at least mitigate the bribes repeatedly demanded. His size helped. Lancashire's and Oliver's hassles were of a first world order, basically honest bureaucrats whether petty or sympathetic. Their travel and transport challenges, unfortunately, are fairly familiar to all of us.

As to beasts faced, beyond the two legged variety Harwood could claim crocodiles, hippos and snakes. He avoided those, whether by a wide margin or simply aplomb is hard to tell. He did succumb to six legged Anopheles and a bout of malaria. Instead of malaria Lancashire and Oliver suffered trench foot bordering on frostbite. They looked forward to seeing polar bears but kept those they spotted at a distance and kept on their guard all the time. Their one brown bear encounter occurred near the start of their trip, the bear charged, then retreated with a load of butt shot. Overall, beyond the distinctive physical challenges of these two trips, heat and water vs cold and water, the biggest challenges were diplomatic for Harwood, equipment and logistics for Lancashire and Oliver.

Invariably I have to ponder, which would I choose? I'd take bear over crocodile, hippo and snake. I'd pass on the malaria, thank you very much. I'd probably even face air travel hassles rather than AK47s. But which century? I lean more toward Harwood and Stanley, at least something less than satellite phones and computers in the wilderness. Kit is about style as much as about conditions. High tech or low tech, 21st century or 19th century (or perhaps the first two thirds of the 20th). Yes, the past is like a foreign country. So, too is the future. With *Canoeing the Congo* and *Blokes Up North* you can visit either.

# BUFFLEHEAD

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21st century cruising sailing canoe for savvy sailors  
Photo by Bill Ling

## Part 1

I've been getting ready for another road trip. Make that "boat trip," one that starts out and finishes by road. Either way, I am constantly reminded of a very old truth. Nothing lasts quite so long, and tenaciously, as a TEMPORARY fix. Except a permanent fix, of course.

A permanent fix that is placed at the very tip top of a carefully reprioritized TO DO list will live that way into eternity. I've got decades old tablets, note cards, scratch paper, what have you, with permanent fixes marked with stars, exclamation points, underlines, circled in red. There they sit. It's been like that a lot lately.

Maybe it's all right to follow the maxim "if you don't have time to do it right, you will most certainly have to make time to do it over." And over. So anyhow, I've been scurrying through the ancient ritual. You know, the ritual that requires fixing stuff before embarking upon a 500 mile drive. The same stuff that has worked just fine in the unfixed mode for at least the past ten 50 mile trips. That stuff.

You probably know somebody like that.

The Big Deal before me is attendance at the Port Townsend (Washington State) Pocket Yacht Palooza. It's a one day affair that will take about four days to get to, about three months to get ready for and, if I play my cards right, it'll take about a half a week to get back home from. The Palooza is this giant show and tell affair. People come and display their sailing, rowing and "traditionally" motoring prides and joys on their trailers and in the water. And this year, for the first time, there will be a four day, three night cruise around Marrowstone Island for as many of the participants and hull thumpers as care to go. It's been almost three weeks since yours truly got home from the wilds of South Texas (Texas 200) and summer's a wastin'. So I've been fixing stuff.

*Lady Bug* got the nod for this trip. In some ways she's the last boat standing. *Old Salt* and *Shenanigan* got given away this spring. *Rough Neck* just got sold. I've been downsizing, sort of. That's a story for later.



*Lady Bug*'s trailer made it over essentially the same route in March just fine. Her trailer went almost a thousand miles with nary a whimper, so you'll completely understand why I found it imperative to paint the trailer, overhaul the wiring, get even bigger tires and replace the axle for this trip. Of course, you'll understand.

Oddly enough, some of that stuff has been ensconced on annual repair lists for years and years except just about everything got checked off in a temporary fashion. For example, that brand new 3,500lb capacity axle and those tires. The U bolts that came with it were too short. I couldn't quite stop whatever else I was doing to go to the Big City and have replacements manufactured. That might have taken at least THREE HOURS. Instead, I worked for the better part of two days to dismantle the leaf

## Palooza Trip

By Dan Rogers

springs, completely screw up the mounts for the fenders and fight the too short ones into place, and then get the nuts welded on to keep me from lying awake nights. See? Temporary fixes rule!

This new set of mondo rubber was already mounted on *Strumpet*'s trailer, that boat isn't going anyplace real soon. I seem to have pulled a lot of the hard won hatches and stuff out of that poor girl as the opening salvo of a completely new direction for that project. And wouldn't ya know it, those wheels were kinda rusty. So I wiped the grease from leaking wheel bearing seals on that trailer from those wheels and painted 'em while still mounted on *Lady Bug*'s trailer. Another temporary fix that could easily last until Jeb Bush's grandkids are in the White House. Actually, that paint will likely shed itself sooner than that. You just can't paint axle grease with any sense of permanence.

Then another permanent fix got shoved all the way to the tiptop tip of the mountain (see "A Motor Well for *Lady Bug*"). This experiment seems to be modestly successful so far, other than the fact that I "saved time" by glassing the interior walls of the hole while the outboard was mounted in it. Gloppy slices of gooeey, glumphy 'pox and cloth have a way of leaving sharp spikes and razor edges behind when you do it that way. But you see, I'll probably change it when I get home anyhow.

Now I'm certain that you know somebody like that.

## Part 2

Do you suppose if Bill the Bard had been one to tow sailboats across the country to messabouts the phrase might have been "hell hath no fury as a serpentine belt scorned?" For about the last 10,000 or 20,000 miles, Big Ole has had this "chirp" someplace in his circulatory system. Every now and then I've given it a surreptitious look and listen. I've even replaced many of what the cognoscenti refer to as "bolt ons" in an ongoing sort of effort to find the problem. Actually I've really always known. While scorn is a bit strong an indictment, denial is pretty close to the truth. I've always known that the idler and tensioner sheaves were likely culprits.

So, in my ongoing effort to take on difficult jobs and get really dirty when I really should be cleaning up my considerable honey do list, I chose this morning to do a couple kinda unsatisfying jobs. For several days now I've been painting this rubberized goop under the cowling of *Lady Bug*'s new sort of inboard engine. It's supposed to make machinery "whisper quiet." I'm all for quiet. This stuff takes a multitude of coats to build up to the scientifically determined thickness. While it's drying, and while I'm impatiently waiting to roll the thing over and do the other side, a skin forms not a lot unlike the skin that forms on a marshmallow when you only eat the crust that happens while dangling it over a campfire.

If I move the cowling too soon or, heaven forbid, not wait long enough for the skin to form, or put too much goop on in a single coat, the stuff that globs out looks just

like bubbling lava exuding from the sides of a volcano. Not as hot, but just as messy. Well, more like marshmallow juice.



One of those last minute jobs was to take *Lady Bug* down to the launch ramp for about the dozenth trip to check on "progress." And progress would have to be a noticeable drop in decibels and vibration from that air cooled two stroke that I planted in *Lady Bug*'s thoracic cavity.

In addition to the layer upon layer of goop that I've glopped under the hood, there are several other pseudo scientific initiatives that were up for "testing." Like the vibration dampener thingie that I made outta UV stabilized HDPE (trade name "Star Board"). Well, OK, vibration dampening is NOT one of the miracles this slab of polymers is touted for but it was worth a shot. And another vibration dampening scheme made outta a rubber backed door mat seems to be performing better as a door mat than motor shock mount. But I hear that even Edison burned quite a few filaments before he discovered tungsten.

Then, on to the absolute piece de resistance. My prior schemes to fill the ambient spaces surrounding the motor shaft with exhaust and air blocking stuff had pretty much come to naught. Swim noodles and other expanded poly derivatives have really not worked out so well. Then an absolute epiphany struck. I got a small wheel inner tube at the hardware store yesterday. I was like a kid on Christmas Eve, absolutely certain this was the golden bullet. The notion was simply elegant. My devolving plan was to stick this tube up around the engine shaft and simply blow it up. Well, it wasn't quite supposed to blow up. Just get inflated so a few obvious good things might happen, like making a removable seal and getting the best vibration dampener known to modern science squarely on the job, AIR.

So there I was, 0530 and all alone on the ramp. I backed *Lady Bug* down into the water, lowered her on the articulated arms and rollers that have worked so well at so many other ramps and clambered aboard. I started the little motor up and behold! It was about as loud and vibratory as before.

It was probably time to pinch my fingers, drop things that don't make it all the way to the ground and work by Braille in the dark recesses of Big Ole's engine box. Yep, I decided that I could take the ain't broke don't fixit paradigm to a new and dizzying height. I decided to replace both the squeaking idler sheave and the "suspect" serpentine belt, all before breakfast. Winding that new belt around the water pump/fan assembly and



getting it with the grooved side to the grooves and the smooth side to the smooths turned out a whole lot like an episode of the old TV sitcom "Friends." As I recall, Rachel spends about half the show mystifying Joey with demonstrations of removing her bra without taking off the surrounding garments. Except Rachel didn't have to deal with the results of a long standing power steering fluid leak and dead bugs packed into the radiator. Otherwise, about the same.



So anyhow, the "chirp" is probably something else. The belt was probably OK. The little outboard motor still tickles my feet when I stand next to it and I think I cut out most of the bass notes from that single-cylinder thumper and left the squeal of higher frequencies.

I think it's officially time to load some dry socks and Dinty Moore and point our noses west. I think I've fixed enough stuff for one trip.

### Part 3

The wind had blown pretty hard out of the west until about midnight. The surge coming into that rather tight opening at the entrance to Mystery Bay had ground some more of *Lady Bug's* paint off onto the fenders and my little roto molded kayak was still thumping impatiently against our port quarter. Getting on time to go.

We were down to just four boats of the original 19 that had rendezvoused off Port Townsend's Boat Haven jetty a long and memorable four mornings prior. That smooth as silk four stroke on Ron's power cat signaled a further reduction to only three. Lee and Tor were still squeezing out a few last-minute Z's aboard *Opus*, moored to leeward down the state park float from us. Tom was due in from his night on the hook with *Blue Bird*. Time to head north, back the trailers and turn our pocket yachts back into docile road bound passengers. The Pocket Yacht Palooza and Croozza for 2015 was just about over. But what a delightful experience!

That was Wednesday morning. The Friday before I had backed *Lady Bug* into a tight alleyway alongside the Marine Center and put her on display in one corner of a paved courtyard just above the Point Hudson jetty. We were among the first of what soon grew to over three dozen boat trailer combinations. *Lady Bug* loomed tallest of all astride her veteran trailer with mast erected and full-battened beach cat main bent on. We weren't the fanciest. We weren't the best maintained. We weren't even the most famous boat in the crowded display. But doggone it, we just had to be the farthest travelled and just plain thrilled to be there.



I last knew Port Townsend as a scruffy little town still clinging to existence, then a hundred years after the late 19th century railroad barons had smiled upon Seattle. They cut the upstart "Key City" adrift and terminated their tracks to the south and east in Elliott Bay. That put paid to a grand plan and lusty municipal competition. The packed roadstead emptied and the most notorious bowery on the West Coast soon faded to memory as it all went to railyards and roads connecting Seattle to the rest of the continent.



repaired. A black smoke belching paper mill dominated the bight to the west of town. And the once proud Victorian mansions and downtown emporia stood increasingly empty and dilapidated. That was back about 1978. Since then some quite savant municipal leaders, entrepreneurs and ex pats from other places have transformed this place into a thriving marine trades center, tourist destination and growing population center. One of those movers and shakers is our host and organizer, Marty Loken. In his signature understated, methodical and thoughtful manner, Marty has put together a marvelous synergy of people, boats, location, favorable

weather and reborn veneration for tradition that can only be compared with similar gatherings at posh Nantucket and the rocky coves of Maine.

People milled about a profusion of wooden jewels, a few "frozen snot" creations such as *Lady Bug* and a brand spanking new Sage 17 displayed by her builder. People talked boats. Told sea stories. Made new friends. Cemented old ones. People smiled, joked and simply enjoyed themselves. Nice job, Marty!







We had several of the Race to Alaska (R2AK) survivors and finishers speak to that crowded courtyard. More understated experienced adventurers sharing their own thoughtful preparations and wild happenstances from the first 700 mile expedition by human and wind powered vessels tracing the open waters and narrow confines that is the Inside Passage from Port Townsend to Ketchikan, Alaska.



Then back to more individual and small group palaver while leaning over gunnels and sitting in cockpits around the courtyard. More boats bobbed at water's edge and plunked down on the cobble beach by a persistent ebb. It was the sort of thing that once begun can continue for hours on its own momentum. That, and a growing anticipation of the evening's keynote speaker.



Somehow the boating fraternity has adopted an odd moniker for its celebrities. We call 'em "rock stars." John Wellsford is certainly a rock star. He designs some of the prettiest, most capable small boats that ordinary people can build and sail. He speaks well, with a confidence and commanding presence born of solid experience, extensive research and eclectic background. Over 70 people filed into the Marine Center auditorium to hear "JW" expound his view of how a boat designer fits into the larger universe of dreamers and doers.

John confirmed most everyone's guess and quiet rumor that his buddy, Howard Rice, is mounting out an expedition to sail to some of the most remote, unpopulated and hostile shores of this planet. In a 12' homebuilt plywood Scamp, of all things. John and Howard are planning the epic voyage of epic voyages. Just when you may have thought all the frontiers have been tamed, all the extreme adventures turned to common place, a total population gone soft and sedentary, up pops this most uncommon duo of experience, vision and energy! And I got to sit in one of the front rows and hear about it firsthand. How cool is that, huh?

As John wound up his talk, it was a little past the prime opportunity to get *Lady Bug* unriggered, unparked, moved, re rigged, launched, moored, loaded out and readied for the next morning's roll call off Boat Haven prior to our group cruise south to a charming little landlocked harbor with an engaging repetitious name, Matsmats.

Winds were light. The tide at the Port Townsend Canal was not yet favorable. But the sun was out on one of those blue sky mornings that brings folks back to this crenellated impoundment of the Pacific Ocean known once as Puget Sound, and more recently as the Salish Sea. The horn sounded and folks began rowing, paddling and slat-

ting toward the south. Different strategies. Different boats and modes of propulsion. Same goal. More boat talk. More camaraderie. New location.

Most of us found our way into Matsmats within an hour or so of each other. More than half of the boats had gathered around either of two private docks offered up by gracious hosts. As it turned out, I had "killed" my outboard earlier that day and, after a kind tow in through the approaches and winding entrance channel, I drifted over to a likely spot and dropped the hook. I figured I'd take a "ten minute nap" and then join the gatherings ashore. Well, when I woke up at zero-three, there were not so very many bull sessions still underway. I call it being on "island time."

Monday morning's forecast had deteriorated. The blue sky had turned to a more trademarked gray. South winds were expected to build throughout the day. Time to get gettin'.



The destination for day two of our group cruise was Fort Flagler inside the tide blasted entrance channel to Kilsuit Harbor, confined by Indian Island to the west and Marrowstone Island to the east. Another grand destination. Another challenge for *Lady Bug*'s recalcitrant and increasingly moribund engine. I made it partway inside the channel before tossing out the ol' Danforth and awaiting a more slack current. After restarting the Mariner two stroke air cooled five horse kicker that I had set up for failure with another of my "genius" projects, this time to put in a motor well in the cockpit and seal it up with sound and vapor insulation. Basically an unsound idea.

I got running again and made it almost to the state park dock where just about everybody else had already gathered. I say almost. The motor died again as I was about to sandwich myself into the last remaining mooring spot. So there I was, anchored out. Again. While the party formed a few feet upwind and upcurrent.







As it turned out Marty, who lives a few miles to the south in that place called Mystery Bay, decided to head for home for the night. I was sitting in a spot that would become untenable when either the wind or current shifted. So, on a complete whim I paddled my kayak back out to *Lady Bug* and without more than a moment's "preparation" did one of the most remarkable maneuvers that nobody saw.

The current was rippin'. The wind was howling. I knew my motor was not to be counted upon. I was anchored off the bow, with the rode led to a hawse down aft. Michael's *Belle Starr* was anchored just a few boat lengths downwind and down current. A whole lot could go wrong.

Somehow we spun back to the stern anchor, raised the jib, pulled the hook free, gained steerage and flashed past *Belle Starr* without snagging an anchor, fouling the dinghy or even coming close to a crash. And I'm quite certain that nobody was even watching. Probably a good thing.

The wind was still howling and we were moving so fast that the kayak astern started yawing and pitching and trying to capsize. Finally, it completed a death roll and spit the paddle out astern in the bargain. Once again, nobody watching. Other than getting bopped on the head with the boom, we jibed quite flawlessly, came back on the wind and, while righting the kayak astern, came to a stop directly abeam the paddle and just reached down for it. Didn't even lose my ball cap. Not bad for a stubby, overloaded, little stub keel boat with the jib on deck and the main reefed down to 50%. And the show with no watchers wasn't quite over yet.

That dock at Mystery Bay sits directly parallel to the westerlies. It was full of boats. And I'd never been there before. I

was going to just drop the hook and await developments when one of our gang waved me in, apparently to the back side of this long float. So, towing a half filled kayak and sporting just the top half of our main-sail for upwind propulsion, I spun *Lady Bug* on her heel and headed for the back side. Oops.

There's this really tall, and really in the way, causeway that connects the float to the parking lot. I say "oops" because I had sort of expected more room to work our way to windward. Good ol' *Miss 'Bug* managed just fine without much help from me. We came about once in little more water than it takes to launch from the trailer, filled the sail and slid alongside the dock without so much as a bump or squeak. All in about 16' of open space next to some rather ugly pilings and steel thingies. Nice job, *Lady Bug*!

You know how it's really cool to do stuff like that when folks are at least watching you? Well, I guess it's still cool. Even if there's no "film at eleven." And besides, there is always the possibility that you'll screw it up big time. And, then there's absolutely no question that the whole world will know about it.

So, somehow, we chatted and sailed our way into that last day. Time to go home. Time to start marking the calendar for next year. Thanks, Marty, we all had a grand time.



Emily and Anna pouring champagne over the bow.

## The Christening of the *Anna & Emily*

By Richard Honan

After more than six months of studying plans, cutting and shaping lumber along with many weekends and nights of boat building, my 16' Adirondack Guide Boat, the *Anna & Emily*, named for my two granddaughters, was christened and launched on July 5.



Carrying the *Anna & Emily* down to the water's edge.



"All aboard" for the maiden voyage.



My son in law Elvin giving Emily, Popi and Anna a push to get underway.

Does it get any better than this?



It all started with a sailboat. I just watched my friend die tonight. He knew it was coming. So did I. That's how we parted, what I want to tell you about is how we met. It was ten or more years ago.

You see, we used to live in Southern California where one day looks pretty much like the next. Hard to tell April from October most of the time. And, to make matters worse, we lived on a powerboat on San Diego Bay with a flock of sailboats, rowboats and kayaks packed into the water surrounding our "house" boat, in other slips up and down the dock, and even in additional slips of their own. Yes, and the dinghy rack had a couple of boats with my name on 'em, too.

I was living in that sort of suspended animation that can happen when you have reached your goal in life. Mine was to live on a boat, where the water was warm, and go sailing every day. If you live someplace where you can remember events by snow on the ground or the beginning shoots of spring, or you occasionally do something out of the ordinary, say a boat trip or vacation or something, it's way easier to peg the date. Anyhow, that's the gist of it.

One night I was coming in for a landing into my "sailboat slip" with my little Newport sloop, a heavy built little spit kit of 20'. There was a bit of a trick to it. I had to enter the marina through a break in the seawall where the wind often swirled and did strange things to how a sailboat behaved. Most everybody else brought their boats in under power but where's the fun in that, wouldja' tell me? Typically, after entrance behind this really big concrete wall on the end of the combo fishing pier and sea wall, it was a run down a long fairway. I would usually carry the main off to starboard, even if it required sailing by the lee for a quarter mile or so.

Two of the complications with this route home were both the wind direction being confused by layer cake leveled motor yachts and boats emerging from connecting fairways. At the downwind end of this entrance run I needed to make a sharp turn to port. Before that, I would usually drop the jib and start making preparations for entering port. As a result of multitudes of tasks aboard my boat, and the constant ebb and flow of other boats in my traffic pattern, well, you see, I almost always stood up. Tiller held between my knees, hands full of sheets and with a short reach for halyards coming back across the cabin top. I could see where I was going better and simply "feel" the boat better in a standing posture. Nothing particularly noteworthy, just the way that I did it. Somehow notoriety came

## Requiem for a Sailor

By Dan Rogers

in large measure by being "the guy who stands up in his sailboat."

At the end of this run segment it was necessary to put the helm over sharply and come hard to port. I would then be reaching up another fairway. Here the boats were moored on both sides in finger piers with outboards, BBQ's, bow sprits, boomkins and whatnot extending out to snag the unwary. And there was the constant possibility that somebody would be suddenly backing out of a slip along the way. That was my biggest concern as I would be close reaching or even beating, often at hull speed, in these narrow confines and would not be able to do a crash back as I might under power.

The last part of this maneuver was pretty dramatic. I would be sailing hell bent for election, aimed directly at the main walkway at the end of that last fairway. Often people walking along that section of dock would stop and get ready to fend off from what looked a lot like a runaway boat that was going to impale itself. Occasionally, someone meaning well would grab the bow pulpit when it got in range and I'd have to yell my standard refrain, "Please don't do that! The boat knows what she's doing!" The last of this maneuver was to slam the helm over just as the bow was overhanging the dock and still proceeding at 5 knots or more. This is that turn known as a "hockey stop." The boat would come abruptly head to wind. She'd stall quickly, luff up and then sail backwards into her slip. As the boat was gliding backwards, I'd simply step off onto the dock and set the first spring line on its cleat as the boat passed me. A couple more breast lines and a second spring and she'd be fully moored.

This little ritual of mine was often carried out under the watchful gaze of patrons in the outside dining/drinking establishment directly above my slip. My audacity was often "scored" with additional expectation that the entertainment might include a collision or man overboard event. On this particular night I looked up from securing my last mooring line and there was a couple standing there. Quite silent up to that point. One of them said something like, "We've been watching you from our boat. We just bought this old sailboat. We were wondering if we might watch you do that again some time. Now that we've got this boat, we're hoping to learn how to sail."

Cliff and Sheryl had this quite ancient Columbia 22. After a short discussion in the gathering darkness, I offered to go out with them on their boat the next morning. What followed was one of the most enduring relationships I've ever been blessed to have. It started with a sailboat. They were not only willing students, they became accomplished sailors and enthusiastic boat people in a very short time. Let's just say that folks like that are in very short supply. They even learned to do the rush the dock and flying moor. I do have to admit that very few people in my acquaintance are ever willing to try it with a boat of their own. I could always count on Cliff and Sheryl to come out and spend time on the water at the drop of a hat. I could count on them for a whole lot more. Friends like that are one in a million.

Cliff and Sheryl were an inseparable team when it came to sailing, seamanship and general boat handling. Very much of what I was able to pass along came by the "monkey see, monkey do" method. That's essentially how they learned to anchor under sail, land without drama at a dock, shorten sail, short tack up a narrow channel. Stuff like that. Perhaps one of the coolest things we used to do with two boats usually involved darkness, a hot tea pot and a coffee cup.

Once upon a time, I was a conning officer aboard a couple of the Navy ships I was assigned to. One of the first skills I had to master was this thing called "keeping station." Essentially this involved keeping our ship the prescribed distance and angle from the one in front of us while everybody behind was supposed to do the same. Lots and lots of hurry up slow down maneuvering. I think it's a useful skill for recreational small boat skippers and crews to add to their inventory.

Not so much that they will ever be called upon to sail their boat through a mine field or something we Navy boys got to do now and then. But the idea is that once you have been able to steer a course and maintain a speed in proportion with somebody else, you have a very implicit understanding of how your boat works. I do have one "hidden agenda" in all this. And Cliff and Sheryl were willing "co conspirators" many, many times in our days sailing together. Agenda? There just could come the day that we will need to be able to pass equipment, stores, even people from one MOVING boat to another. It's actually safer to do it this way than to attempt to raft up in a seaway. We used to sail our boats in company a great deal at night. Most of this was in the approximately five by five mile area of what's called South Bay by San

A couple views of where we used to come and go under sail.





Diego boaters. Dirt on three sides, the landmark Coronado Bridge on the fourth. About half of it is only about 4' deep at low tide.

Most of the boats we sailed in those years drew about 3'10", give or take. We sailed, literally, thousands of nautical miles together. Lots and lots of it at night. And there's nothing quite so just right as a hot cup of coffee to enjoy along with the sounds and synergy of a well trimmed sailboat slushing and sloshing off into a moderate chop when the only local light is coming from the stars and our running lights. At least early on, my boat was the only one with a swing stove.

The basic idea was that I would heat the water, come alongside and pass the tea pot over to Sheryl who would be standing at the leeward shrouds. She'd make the coffee and pass me back a cup. It's not quite that simple, but almost. The "receiving" boat would normally settle into a course and speed that allows the "delivery" boat to close with. The hard part was to both dump wind with the main flogging and not tangle with the other boat while sailing side by side about a foot apart. Like I said, they were really good students! I was invariably alone on my boat. They did have each other to split the work of steering, sail handling and tea pot passing. But this is a little trick that just about nobody ever really gets proficient with. Cliff and Sheryl mastered it early on.



Coming alongside under sail can be tricky. Here I'm bringing *Dreamline* alongside *Chimera* with the autopilot steering.

The agenda part I alluded to has to do with my incorrigible habit of helping people. Just can't seem to help it, as it were. I get people unstuck from sand bars, tow them in with broken motors and generally perform the Dudley Do Right billet when I'm underway. Cliff and Sheryl have helped me with quite a few of these DIY Coast Guard ops so

many times that I sort of lose track of those events. It just could have to do with a lousy memory. But I'll cling to that notion about the Land of Endless Summer effect.

Cliff and Sheryl upgraded from a 22 footer to a 26 footer with standing headroom and other creature comforts. My "small boats" steadily grew over those years from 20' to 27' feet. We cruised with other boats now and then. But it was the team of *Chimera* and *Plum Duff* that completely dominated the radio chatter most nights on San Diego Bay. Thousands of miles of light winds and storms, short hops and longer cruises. A long and lasting friendship. One that started with a sailboat.



*Plum Duff* and *Chimera* were quite a team.

There was the night that I got snookered into attempting to help another guy from our marina who had literally gotten his 27' deep keel boat mired with the entire keel stuck in the mud on an extreme high/low tide cycle. He swam ashore and left his boat. This was now the next day, when I got pressed into service. The general notion around the marina was, "Go ask Dan, you can talk him into just about anything."

I took the hapless skipper out there in my RIB to see what we could do to help him get his boat back. When we got there, no lie, there was a guy with a parrot on his shoulder pulling stuff like the boat's tiller, compass, and anchors off and dumping them into a ratty old skiff. He grudgingly put the stuff back on the stranded 27 footer when we insisted. Believing in human nature way more kindly than most people I know, I figured he would then do the honorable thing. The guy impersonating Long John Silver was just sort of drifting around in the dark. I was frantically attempting to get kedge anchors out in such a fashion that we might get the boat unstuck at the magic, but ephemeral, moment the tide reaches the neap. Time was of essence.

So anyhow, I yelled at the guy in the skiff to come over and take an anchor out on a particular radial and set it. Yup. You guessed right. The guy cut the anchor and chain free and made his way off into the dark. Now we've REALLY got a problem. I told the boat owner that we were really gonna need some outside help at this point. He called everybody he could think of on his cell phone and NOBODY was willing to come down to the marina, get their boat underway and come and help their putative friend in a moment of real crisis. I called Cliff. They lived about 30 miles away. It was about bedtime. They both had to go to work the next morning. Thirty miles in big city traffic. "We'll be there in an hour." How cool is that?

We did manage to get the stranded boat plucked from the mud and back out to deep water, Cliff and Sheryl pulling with the small

outboard on their now bigger boat, me in the RIB and the other guy playing a "G sharp" on the remaining anchor rode with a cockpit winch. The pirate was long gone and I'm certain figured we'd abandon the effort and he could claim salvage rights. Not that night. Thanks, a lot, to Cliff and Sheryl.

And so it went, over a bunch of years. Quite a few rescues and assists between us. Lots and lots of great overnight trips. Hundreds and hundreds of short hops. Until, like all good things, it had to end. Through total coincidence, Kate and I moved to this place on the hard here in Almostcanada, about a dozen miles from where Cliff and Sheryl had already moved to take care of Cliff's ailing parents. I've kept a fleet of boats. They went on to "other things."

Cliff's cancer dominated much of the last half dozen years. He taught me patience and good humor in the face of an implacable foe. By the time I went off on the 4,000 mile round trip towing a boat to Sail Oklahoma 2014 this past October, I was quite certain I wouldn't be talking with him on my return. He said, simply, "You should go, so you can tell me about it." So I did go. And we did get to talk about it. But more surgery, more radiation, more chemo, more torture and misery finally did their horrid work.

Now he's sailing his boat somewhere with a perfect breeze on the most beautiful of endless nights in truly a Land of Endless Summer. I'd like to think that he's tending his main and trimming his jib, like I taught him to do.

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## Gray Fleet

A coalition of both Democrats and Republicans in the House of Representatives fought a delaying tactic to keep the fiscal assistance alive for replacement of the OHIO class submarines. Virtually all members of the coalition were from districts and states that have significant submarine manufacturing. Liberals and Conservatives alike seem to come to agreement when money is involved.

The most recent edition of the *Proceedings of the Naval Institute* has some gauntlet flinging by junior officers who maintain that the Navy needs to rethink its entire martial philosophy. Cogently, the argument proffered an opinion that carrier warfare is another "admirals fighting the LAST war." The US has not had carrier action since 1945. Albeit, missions from the flight deck were seen in Viet Nam, the Middle East, Northern Africa, etc, however, land based planes could have fulfilled all the operations.

The submariners' vaunted abilities also come under fire. A nuclear threat that would be answered by retaliation of underwater missiles seems pretty distant. Boomer and Killer submarines really don't have a significant role in modern military problems.

Our surface fleet is under heavy financial strain because the more romantic positions for our Naval Academy grads are flying or diving. Few in the Navy or in Congress give two hoots about surface vessels. Thus, the authors stated, the Navy really has a seriously outdated philosophy.

*Proceedings* is a wonderful means of stating contrary opinions without fear of reprisal within the Navy. This particular article should arouse some thought in the Pentagon but it is unlikely to do so. Just follow the money. With shipbuilders, the aviation industry and submarine based companies willing to plunge millions into the coffers of politicians and offering high ranking retirees munificent job opportunities, a change in thinking is virtually heretical. The military-industrial complex runs the country and controls the economy.

(Note: This author is a Navy veteran, has written many articles on the Navy and is serving as president of the Cedar Rapids Council of the Navy League of the United States.)

Ray Mabus, SecNav, announced that the Navy is extensively expanding research into artificial intelligence. Considering the above few paragraphs, I suggest looking for Human Intelligence within the Navy Department.

The Navy announced that Mrs Joe Biden, wife of the Vice President, was selected to hammer a bottle of champagne on the hull of the newest Littoral Combat Ship (LCS-10) named the *USS Gabrielle Giffords* after the former Congresswoman who was shot and suffered massive brain injury in Colorado. Of course, elements within the Republican Party and some Navy traditionalists had their noses out of joint on the naming. This is normal. Traditionally battleships were named after states, heavy cruisers were named after cities, etc. This naming scheme all went to pieces when battleships were eliminated, carriers were named for important people or battles or something, different kinds of ships suddenly sprung forth with no tradition at all and politics interfered with each and every selection. Secretary Mabus stated that the Navy's motto is *Semper Paratus* (always courageous), Giffords's courage seemed appropriate for the ship.



## Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.  
(Doc) Regan

The ship is a 3,000 ton aluminum trimaran designed for a multitude of tasks including antisubmarine warfare, anti mine operations and sundry other missions. It is being built in Austal Ship Yards in Mobile, Alabama.

"Anything you can do, I can do better, I can do anything better than you," is a line from "Annie Get Your Gun" and the US Navy has decided to challenge the Chinese in Black Sea operations. The *USS Labon* (DDG 58) escorted a French surveillance ship into the Black Sea just as China and Russia were starting joint missions in the same area. Coincidence? Of course it is.

## White Fleet

Finish shipbuilder Meyer Turku laid the keels for Mein Schiff 5 and 6 that will become TUI cruise ships able to carry over 2,500 passengers. The ships are jointly owned by TUI AG cruises and Royal Caribbean Cruises headquartered in Germany.

Nine people were killed when a float-plane crashed in Alaska. The plane trip was part of a *MS Westerdam* cruise. The deaths cast a grim pall over the passengers who continued their trip. The flight off Ella Lake near Ketchikan took sundry vacationers to view the Misty Fjords. The plane was a deHavilland DHC 3 Otter turboprop. The *Westerdam* carried 2,095 total passengers. The bodies had hardly been recovered before finger pointing erupted with the cruise line blaming the air company who blamed the pilot. They seemed to be more put out by the ship's missing a port of call. Really?!

## Merchant Fleet

*SCF Khibiny* ran aground in the Bosphorus. The Russian tanker, built in 2002, is approximately 900' in length and was bound for Pascagoula, Mississippi, with 150,000 tons of crude when it became stuck. The SOVCOMFLOT owned boat was recently lifted off solid ground and is again in an environment in which ships are supposed to operate. After a brief stop in Turkey for some inspection, the tanker will resume its voyage.

P&O Lines have announced new daily ferry routes among England, the Benelux countries and Scandinavia. People and freight have an alternative means of transportation that has been lacking for years and keenly sought, especially by the Scandinavians. A trip from Stockholm to Helsinki is a mere two hours and the ferry between Helsinki and Tallinn, Estonia, is also an easy two hours. People can take a pleasant trip from England to Baltic destinations in a day.

Lloyd's Register announced that BC Ferries in Canada ordered a pair of ultra modern looking ships run on LNG. Remontowa Shipbuilding SA in Gdansk, Poland, landed the \$160 million contract to build the ships. Canadian officials noted that the ferries can also run on diesel if necessary but because of the large quantity of liquid natural gas in

Canada, these can run significantly cheaper on LNG than other ferries. The Northern Cousins also noted that the cost of diesel has put considerable pressure on fares. These ships will assist in cost reduction as well as being notably more environmentally friendly than others.

## Accidents

Pemex run oilrig AKAL-H suffered two deaths and ten injuries after an explosion. Four ships were dispatched to smother the fire and to rescue workers. Oil and gas leaks were blamed for the explosion, however, the fire itself was snuffed quickly. This is the third incident for Pemex rigs this year with a total of six deaths.

A US-flagged ship, *Courage*, a Ro-Ro car carrier, caught fire off the coast of Dover, England but the fire was quickly extinguished via the built in CO<sub>2</sub> systems on board. The British Coast Guard immediately offered assistance but the captain declined and continued to the port of Southampton where the ship was to be investigated by English authorities.

The *MS St Laurent* managed to slam into the wall in the Eisenhower locks of the St Lawrence Seaway. The ship, with 192 passengers, started taking on water so the lockmaster drained the lock, avoiding a sinking. Using ropes and ladders, the passengers were rescued but 27 were taken to an upstate New York hospital. The ship's cruises are all inclusive vacations costing upwards of \$4,000 per person.

The *St Laurent* is owned by Miami based Fleet Pro and is an element of Haimark Lines who spent several million dollars refurbishing the ship formerly called the *Cape May Light*. The ship had just returned from her inaugural voyage and was on her second trip. One thing that becomes apparent is that one group owns such ships, leases them to another company, which in turn leases them to a larger cruise line.

The ship was quickly refloated and removed downstream. The locks were in operation just as quickly as 15 other ships were held up awaiting transit.

The *Celestyl* collided with a Marshall Island flagged tanker carrying naphtha, a highly inflammable liquid. The fender bender happened off the coast of Gallipoli. Celestyl Cruises is a Cyprus based company. The ship sustained a raging gash across her sharp bow. Due to structural damages the ship cancelled the remainder of the trip and reimbursed all passengers.

*Celestyl* is common among cruise ships. Wartsila Heitalahti in Helsinki, Finland, built her in 1982. She became part of the Royal Caribbean Cruise line under the name *SM Song of America*. She was sold to Sun Cruises where she sailed as *MS Sunbird*. Later she was sold to Thomson Lines and named *Thomson Destiny* and then sold again to Louis Cruises and sails as *MS Louis Olympia* or *Celestyl*.

Maryland had a rash of small boat accidents just prior to the Fourth of July. A speed boat in a race billed as the NASCAR of boats went out of control and slammed into boats tied together for a group party. A seven year old girl was killed and three others were airlifted to the University of Maryland trauma center. Four others were treated at local hospitals.

At the same time a small boat capsized in the Chesapeake Bay, leaving one man missing.



To cap off a horrendous weekend, a pontoon boat with one man and eight teenagers went over a Maryland lake dam. The man died and the teens were injured.

A Fourth of July accident on the Ohio River claimed the lives of at least three when a pontoon boat struck the Clark Memorial Bridge and overturned. One of the missing was a small child. The incident took place at 10pm. One supposes that they were on the river to watch fireworks and simply did not see the bridge. When out after dark a million candlepower light is a necessity and, at a cost of around \$40 (or less on sale), is something that the owner of the boat should have cogitated.

### Big River News

Many watched as the last tow with two barges went through Lock #1 at St Anthony Falls in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Congress closed the dam to keep invasive non native fish (read "Asian Carp") from entering the upper end of the Mississippi into the plethora of lakes that feed into the river.

The Mystic River, one of Massachusetts' most visible rivers, suffers from untreated sewage being dumped directly into it via Combined Sewer Overflow (CSO). Sewer and water personnel never gave much thought about the environment and urban governments were always looking to save tax dollars, therefore waste water sewers were connected to storm drainage so that when wet weather hits the waste water and storm water are mixed and directed to the river.

Officials have warned citizens to think twice about boating and swimming soon after storms because the level of

fecal matter and other simply yucky stuff will be present. The Massachusetts Water Resource Authority is looking for solutions to this chronic problem.

On a personal note, this columnist participates in the Lake Pepin Messabout at Lake City, Minnesota, each year. The event is a wonderful collection of boat builders of incredible ability and craftsmanship who love to swap ideas, bask in the admiration of others and generally have a fun sail. Unfortunately, too often storms have dampened a pretty enjoyable gathering. One topic of concern this year was the quality of water in the Mississippi. One only has to look at the sides of his boat to see the amount of dirt and grime left behind. We all agree that after boating in the Mississippi our boats require a darn good cleaning and rewaxing. It wasn't always this way.

CBS News called the Colorado River the most endangered river in America. Californians need no TV reporter to awaken them to the issues concerned with their vital water source. Pollution and over tapping has lowered water levels to record lows and the river itself, wild and wooly in midstream, barely dribbles into the sea at its mouth.

Experts simply state that human beings have depleted too much water from this source. The river runs through seven states and is used by 36 million people. Not only is it the font from which Southern California is totally dependent, it is used for irrigation of 15% of all crops in the country. Recreation on the river amounts to \$26 billion in the economy. The tourist industry provides over 26 million jobs on the Colorado.

Interestingly, this was predicted as early as 1960 when San Diego residents raised concerns about the continued building into and over the mountains west of the city. They noted that the resources would not sustain unlimited growth, furthermore, much of the development was in wilderness areas that were inappropriate for urbanization. They said that expansion could not go on forever. Yup, they were right.

### Shipbuilding

Finland is considered one of the world's leading shipbuilding companies with eight major companies and a myriad of small associated industries. Forced to pay huge sums to the Russians after World War II, Finland built many ships for the Soviet Union and exported many more. One out of every four cruise ships is Finnish built but the main products are LNG carriers, icebreakers and oil rig platforms for Arctic service. Rated as one of the top technology developers in the world, the Finns not only created Nokia and were the first to make the entire country wifi connected, they also specialized in subcontracting ships' technologies including propulsion units, cargo elevators, ship fire protection and waste disposal units.

In a country of four million, over 14,000 people work in the shipbuilding industry and countless others in associated industries. Both Russia and the United States greatly depend on Finnish shipbuilding. The US is currently debating whether to obtain additional icebreakers from Finland for working in Alaska and along the vaunted Northwest Passage as the ice is receding in the Polar Regions.



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## Spring Report



### Shaping and Steaming the Bilge Clamp Planks

Dick Forrest and Orman Hines (above left) work with Roger Barry to lay out the clamp. It takes a really long tape measure (24' plus) to do the job. Fred Gosbee and Orman (above right) start the setup for another plank. Dick starts the cut (left), assisted by RB Omo and later Chuck Jouver, who keep track of the electrical cords while Dick keeps the saw on the chalk line.



The first plank out of the steam box had a crowd of admirers awaiting the big moment. Six to eight shipwrights, divided between inside and outside the ship, make for safe work. Emerging at a temperature of 212°, the planks require heavy gloves for handling. Hauled to the boatshed on shipwright shoulders, each plank is hoisted high for the pass off through the frames to ready hands inside *Virginia*, where it must be bent into place and clamped in just 20 minutes. Teamwork!!

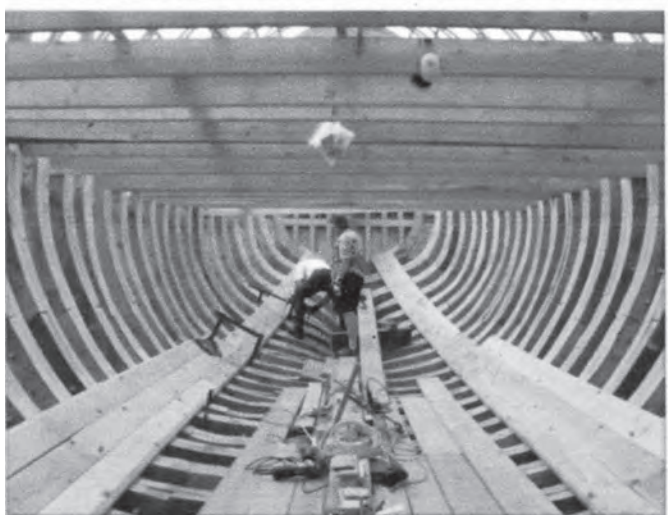


### Bending Planks

Each steamed plank is threaded between the transom and the last frame, then laid in place along the reference lines and all hands apply as much weight as possible to bring the hot plank into contact with the frames for clamping. Coordination and communication is the key to safety with so many hands in tight quarters.

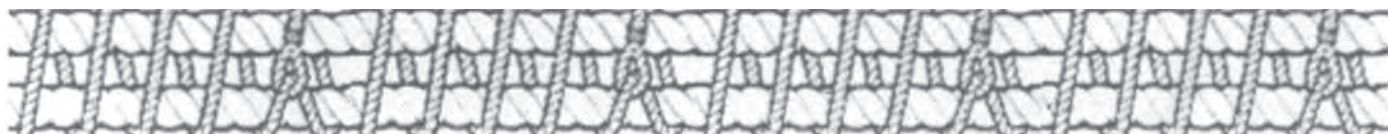






### **“Adjusting” Planks**

After the initial bending a few clamps are placed to hold the plank while various methods of persuasion are applied to drive the plank firmly into place against the frames and adjoining planks







### Measure, Cut, Clamp, Seal, Drill, Bolt

The hot planks are fitted and loosely clamped. Wooden wedge spacers are then inserted below the plank, flanking the cut. The cut is defined using a square and the giant skill saw lops off the scrap.

Grinding a bevel on the lower edge of the plank helps it slip into place when the wedges are removed, but this one still needed a little encouragement. Once fitted, the plank is clamped at each frame and left to cool overnight, or a few days.



### Measure, Cut, Clamp, Seal, Drill, Bolt (continued)

After the planks cool marine adhesive sealant is used to seal frames at each watertight bulkhead. Some planks are wedged for this application and a pry bar helps shift the plank when inserting and removing wedges. Planks and frames are drilled for carriage bolts that are countersunk in the frame and bolted inside with an impact driver. All these clamps will also be trunneled when the hull planking is hung.





Here is a follow up picture of my Hi-Top *Hildegard Reinheffer*. I ignored any important work I had to do on her and focused on the least critical part of her renovation, painting teeth on the front. I just want to spread the word in case little children see her to please tell them it is just a picture of a big scary monster fish, it is not really a big scary monster fish at all. In actuality, *Hildegard Reinheffer* is a very friendly girl and just wants to be friends with everybody.



Unhappy on the trailer.

You may notice *Hildegard* is sitting unhappily on her trailer. I took her on a shakedown cruise on wild and wooly Marshfield Reservoir and have a tale to tell about Yamaha 10hp high thrust motors. Did you know the big, pie plate sized props on those things are made out of plastic? Well, the motor is at Bob's Boat Repair in Grand Isle, Vermont, as for reasons I won't discuss I need a new prop. I could manage a prop replacement myself but I also thought the motor ran a bit rough. They did great work on my Yamaha 25 (yet another tale of woe) so I wanted them to check it out as I was also curious about their thoughts on the pitch for the replacement unit.

I got 6.2mph on my gps. That was with the motor improperly trimmed. Seems the teeth that latch onto the cross bolt for the trim and tilt mechanism were not releasing so it

## Hildegard Reinheffer Progress Report

By Johnny Mack

was a bear to raise the motor from inside the boat. For ease of launching and for the test I removed the bar. That caused the motor to be almost at a 45° inward angle. I am hoping to get the tilt mechanism fixed and with a properly trimmed motor get another mile or two per hour out of her.

I also suspect the motor is not developing full power due to what I imagine as ignition or more likely carb issues. Just because the darned thing is 30 years old and hasn't been run since forever, I know, I know, I am just being catty now. Between the prop, trim, carbs and a tune up I am still hoping to get 9mph on the top end. Of course, people in hell are hoping for ice water, too, but you never know.

At full throttle, she is louder than I like. I did not proceed with my bright idea for the cone of silence as it was too cumbersome to get to the motor if needed. And it was needed. You know me. I am cheap. I did not buy the ridiculously priced Yamaha inline fuel filter that is smaller than a quarter. Instead I added a common ordinary generic inline fuel filter that was ten times the size at a fifth the money. All I needed to do was mount it in a different place. Can you guess who didn't buy a new stainless steel clamp for \$1.29 and reused the cheesy wire clamp that the factory used? The cheap part didn't do its job and the result was an air leak in the fuel line which caused the fuel pump to suck air and ultimately stranded me.

A very nice fellow in a 16' jon boat (I think it was a Lowe) with a new Merc tiller 20 four stroke pulled me back to the dock. He had a standard prop on it and at with him just milking that thing, my gps showed 5mph. That was nearly as fast I was going on my own so that is another reason for me to think I have room for improvement. I was impressed with his motor though, much quieter than mine and a very smooth running unit to boot. Depending on their intended use, I would have to think long and hard about buying a new 25 over that 20. The 25s cost a lot more and they are much heavier. I'm thinking they would use a half of that 5hp advantage just pushing around their extra weight!

I am developing a list of cheesy products on which I totally hulk out and vent my spleen, but that will be in a future article. I think I will write it after I pay my taxes, finally get a day off of work, get all set to go boating and it rains. In the meantime, the good news is I am pleased to report that *Hildegard's* hull appears to be watertight. I thought the hull looked good but it is a relief to see it in action. She also appears to be reasonably level with a slight tilt towards the stern. I am hoping when I take her on a vacation cruise that by packing enough gear in the bow she will be about right. At the worst though she'll be a little stern heavy and will look like a typical cruiser with a big fat moose hog motor in the back.

I am also pleased to say that at first I thought the hard top was a bit too low, making her difficult to climb into. When boarding from a dock I did not notice it as a problem. I do think the top is too low, however, and ultimately needs to be raised, but it won't happen this year.

There is no more progress on refrigeration. Summer sneaked up on me and I hate working on boats when I can actually use them.

I liked the sport boat that Dave Lucas showed pictures of. I actually had a Grumman Sport Boat. I heavily customized mine and am in the midst of writing about it but I am not sure anyone will believe what I did to her. They are small boats and have the typical limitations of small boats, but to prime the pump, I will say that it would be very hard to get more boating per buck, with more fun and fewer troubles, than I did out of my sport boat.

Wait a minute, did my eyes deceive me? Hold everything. Did Dan actually call my *Hildegard* a, a, a, bucket of bolts? AAArrrrgh!



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This is a pet project that I've been hankering to get on with for nearly ten years now. I keep putting it on the punch list and then shying away. I have visualized each and every step for years. I've been through this evolution in my pointy head over and over again, anticipating each and every problem. So when I just decided to jump in and get to getting, I didn't expect for things to go sideways soooooo soon. Really didn't.

Little *Lady Bug* and I have been mates for almost a decade. I've subjected her to myriad insults and improvements in that time. In fact, just about everything about that sure footed little packet has morphed and evolved to the point that her designer and builders would probably never recognize her now. But there's one thing that I've always been "going to do."

Every time I reach back through the pushpit to raise and lower the outboard motor and get it started, and then get it shifted and throttled, etc, I think about adding a motor well in the cockpit. Yep. Damn near every time. Sometimes it's a square hole in the port seat. Sometimes it's a round hole in the footwell. Sometimes it's even a small inboard engine coupled to an outboard's lower unit in a homebrew version of the commercially available Saildrive. But no matter what iteration, the prospects of getting that weighty and inefficient contraption off the transom have been quite compelling. Until yesterday morning. I've been thinking that I'd take *Lady Bug* over to Port Townsend for the Pocket Yacht Palooza in August. There's a follow on cruise around Marrowstone Island that I sort of want to attend as well. Anyhow, that was the excuse for this particular leap of faith, and certainly chutzpah.

A couple of years ago I dragged home a 10' section of heavy wall direct burial PVC pipe. Most of it I turned into a culvert but saved about 3' just for this particular project. That chunk of 10½" pipe has been taking up space ever since, and I guess if you live with a "plan" long enough it becomes almost a fait accompli. Well almost.

So there I was just sort of measuring and marking and studying on things. Kate came out to the shop to see what I was up to. I told her that I was fixin' to cut a huge hole into *Lady Bug's* bottom. Of course, she said in horror, "Don't do it! Or at least wait for winter." And normally that would be good enough. But somehow this project had finally gotten legs and was already running out of control.

To be honest, I did dither on the idea some more. When I finally dove in head first it was getting late in the day. The hardware store was closed. And this matters quite a bit, as it turns out. And, right out of the box, I made a significant change to the plan that added a whole level of complexity and nearly led to complete disaster. Such is the nature of these things.

There I stood, Rotozip in hand, a circle drawn on the cockpit floor. The basic plan of attack was quite straightforward: a) cut circle in floor; b) drop pipe through the (perfectly round, perfectly perpendicular, perfectly fitting) hole and scribe line around pipe for second hole in inner liner; c) cut second hole (perfectly, of course); d) drill locating hole through hull and repeat. Could it be simpler?

Right out of the gate I broke the Rotozip bit and didn't seem to have a replacement. Wait for the store to open in the morning and lose all this wonderful "momentum?" Most certainly not. This is halfway

## A Motor Well for *Lady Bug*

By Dan Rogers

through the first hole. The edges are anything but round, or well fit, or perfect.

I found one of my hand routers with a sort of ¾" cutting bit in it. Presto! We're back in business. The rest of the first hole appeared, ragged, elliptical and a bit off center. But once begun, one must ride this sort of horse all the way to the barn.

Second hole. Oops, there was a molded stiffener athwartships right where my second hole was supposed to land. Oh well, I'll just angle the pipe forward a bit. Should be about a 20° declination anyway for the standard outboard transom mount. This is, of course, under the footwell on a SIXTEEN FOOT sailboat. Room for snakes and kittens perhaps. I wriggled in there with a router, a respirator mask, ear muffs, goggles and my 68 year old torso, feet stuck up under something in the cabin. Even so, it all still seemed doable. Said the spider to the fly.

Laying flat on my face, peering out of the corner of a dirty set of shop glasses, under a fogged up set of goggles with a router held at arms' length, is decidedly NOT the way to cut a "perfect hole." In fact, I couldn't quite even see where the router was actually headed until it had already run for an inch or so in whatever direction it was already headed in. Even so, I could, in fact, tell something had changed by the sound of the thing. You see, this second hole was only supposed to be in the fiberglass liner. Sooooo, when the bit slipped in the collet and drove on down through the hull, I think I was fully involved in that phenomenon Clausewitz called "the fog of war." Do all the planning I care to but when it gets down to the actual "combat," better be prepared for absolutely nothing to go according to the carefully debated plan. Seems the second hole was sort of almost cut fully around by then. The third hole was supposed to be (revised version) held in abeyance until the first two were trued up and all that.

Here's the deal. If I run a tube through succeeding levels of succeeding curved and angled planes, that tube will actually require an ellipse where it penetrates a flat plane and something even more grotesque when it encounters a complex curve. At this point it was too late to call the whole thing off, and then I broke my second and final cutter bit. Sawzall time. All hope of simple, or well-fitting, or even cuts was out the window. As they say, "press on, regardless."

Where the unintended hull penetration happened, the actual in tube distance from cockpit floor to hull curvature was inching dangerously close to longer than the shaft of the motor intended for this job.

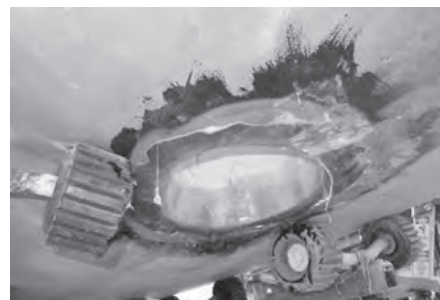
Several years ago I bought a pretty nice air cooled 5hp Mariner short shaft just for this job. The big idea was to run it down through a well of some sort and then make these perfectly fitting plugs that would seal off the tube from exhaust smoke, etc. The air cooled power head wouldn't need to have water splashing and squirting around in that tube. But the vertical distance from transom clamp to cavitation plate wasn't more than a pencil mark over 17". This angled thing that I had embarked upon pretty much on the fly

was looking a lot more like 18" or even more would be required. But, like I was saying, "press on regardless."

At this point, hole three was going to be cut laying on my back under the trailer, working with first the Sawzall and then a series of grinder and sander pads to make the damn tube fit. To falter now might be to give up. That would be a failure and I wasn't near licked. Not yet. Once this mine shaft with no gold mine was cut all the way through, I used the heavy pvc tube as a try fer fit mandrel. Once it was sliding all the way through three layers of boat, I was breathing a whole lot easier. First job after the tube was cut to length was to glass it in place.



Not too bad from the upside. Less fun to work in the drips, on the downside.



It was about then that impatience and returning enthusiasm conspired to almost wreck the project again. I had the lower end of the "tunnel" just tabbed in place with short pieces of cloth and 'pox. It was about then that I figured if one layer of glass tabs was good, two layers would be great. Big oops. The added weight in well saturated glass that was supposed to bond up into the plastic tube and around the corner to the ground off hull surface started causing a bit of a chain reaction. I'd get it all pushed into place and leave the room for a while. I'd come back to find it hanging in tatters. 'Pox dripping all over the floor. Quite a mess. So, for several hours I uncharacteristically patiently knelt and craned my neck back while I continued to push the gooey stuff back into place until it started to kick. Finally. Next disaster.



To try and make things flow in the right direction I had to jack *Lady Bug* to give her a flat surface for the 'pox to pool in.



These spur of the moment things take on a getter dunn attitude that allows me to make even a greater mess. Not one to simply rest on past achievements, I came out after about two hours of waiting for the 'pox to cure a bit and moved on to the next on the fly piece of this woebegone project. I worked liquid 'pox into the join of tube to two layers of hull and liner from under the cockpit floor. Talk about fun, trying mostly successfully to wriggle in there with a pot of 'pox, sticky rubber gloves, a brush and get with it. And I did, in fact, get with it. After pouring a couple batches of the stuff into the void around the tube and above the glass tabbing that spanned the gap from below, things were moving along swimmingly. Until.



Until the whole thing slipped loose and dumped a fair amount of the goo directly down on me and the floor. Not a particularly good time to be taking pictures. So this one is a bit later, after the hull was sealed. Motor is in place but not mounted. The stalactites of resin are in full view.



Then, in the truest belt and suspenders tradition, I ran a healthy bead of 3M 5200 around the tube. Yep, another trip under the footwell.



Then it was time to invent ways to make a 17" motor reach close to 20". This took some jury rigging of the first magnitude. To make it fit, and not put the prop up the inside of the tube, the motor needed to be mounted backwards and dipped down inside the well a bit, as well. This is what the main apparatus looked like before it went on.



And, here, the motor propped up rather precariously.



And then finally, looking more like that fevered gleam in my manic eyes the day prior.

So ended the first working day. Today we did sea trials. She backs up straight. She runs forward without hindrance. Much cosmetic work yet to go, but so far it does look promising.

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We had a bunch of visitors in late June out off my beach playing with the foam kayaks. Steve was the lifeguard seen here in this thing he calls a C1. You have to strap yourself in to keep the water out. I doubt that's water he's holding in that cup. He did real good, no one was lost.



Stan's "Junk" is really a perfect boat for you guys who want a small comfortable overnigher. "Ping" is only 16' long but has a big bed and steering inside and out and sails very well with its Beetle Cat sail.

# From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas

It's not unusual for guys to stop by to check these boats out and talk about foam building, so when Richard from Apollo Beach came down to see about making foam Melonseeds I didn't think anything of it. Well, he didn't need to talk about building with foam, he wanted to see the shape of the hulls to get an idea of how many sections he'd need to make. He's going to make ten of our boats for a Sea Scout group of some sort and thinks he can make the hulls from foam in about a day, no kidding. Richard has been making stuff with foam for 40 years and is probably the master of the skill.

Howard and I were overwhelmed with all his knowledge, which like all experts we had to drag out of him. He told us about making airplanes out of foam so we were hooked and drove up to his shop/hanger today. I didn't get a picture of them but he had a glider with 15 meter (50') long wings. These long skinny wings were perfect and he'd made them out of foam and glass with a 7° twist along their length!!



There were boats of all kind all over but there were also airplanes under construction. A lot of the parts are fiberglass that he'd made using foam that he glassed and then melted the foam out using acetone. He showed us how make perfect shapes using a hot wire and patterns. I even played with some foam. Never underestimate old guys. Some just like to talk but most really do know their stuff. The hard part is to get them talking, the less they talk the more they know. Luckily I'm good at dragging it out of them. If you think marine plywood is pricy, you should see airplane plywood.



Dan Houston is building the world's biggest Jon boat. I leave it to the small boat magazines to report on guys making "normal" little boats, I go for the odd, unusual projects.



Howard finished the "Mega Yacht" and it turned out to be too big for us to use. Its draft makes it unrealistic to get up and down our river to get out to deep water and we sure aren't going to trailer it anywhere. It has a new Chevy 300hp 350ci V-8 and outdrive that have never been in the water, 100 gal SS fuel tank, hydraulic steering and trim tabs, trailer with new tires and springs and custom interior. The cost of just these things, not counting the hull and cabin, is about \$12,000. We're giving it to our car mechanic tomorrow for \$5,000 just to get it out of here. No you don't need it, what would you do with it? All of us are way too cheap to pump in a



hundred gallons of gas into this thing at some marina just to go out and run around in the bay. Some things seem like good ideas till you've got them.



Laylah, Norma Ann and Cessna spend every hour they can in the water playing with the Manatees. Our river lagoon here has a sandy bottom only about 4' deep with clear water and animals to play with. Our boats are open to any who want to come by and play. This foam board that Steve made is the most popular.



Cornie's sub, he sent this picture of a rubber band sub that he made a million years ago and it still works. It looks just like the one I was on back in the old days, or maybe that was Whalen. I was on the *Lafayette SSBN 616* back in the late '60s. After a few patrols the saying "long and black and never come back" was really appropriate. Months under the ocean sucks.



Here's Dan Houston with the giant Jon boat I told you about last time. Here's a man who knows exactly what he wants. Check out the controls on the pedestal next to his cooler seat. It has a large outboard with tiller steer-

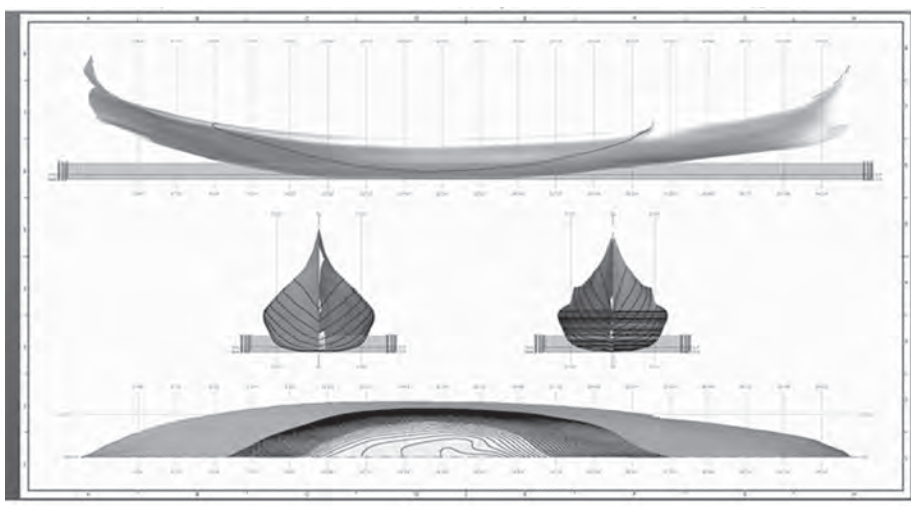
ing. There are a lot of us who think like this. Pat Johnson with his covered launch, Stan and his junk, Chuck and his no telling what boats, in fact, most of us are like that. We like boats that are somewhat unique to say the least.



Judy Blue Eyes packed up her boats and moved from Charleston to Apalachicola and says that she loves it there. The big one is *Sweet Pea*, the Fenwick Williams 18 Catboat that Howard made here at our shop. Judy has done a ton of work to put it in tip top shape, way better than we ever did. The small Melonseed is *Freedom*, the one that master builder Mark Bayne built for her and I modified so she could handle it easier in shallow water and from a dock. A sprit rigged dagger board boat is not what she needed in these waters so I turned it into a gaff rigged centerboarder with all lines running back under the deck to the cockpit. She says that she goes sailing at least twice a week and has made lots of friends there. *Sweet Pea* always looked big but this shot of her on her trailer shows that she's really only 18' long.



I bet you thought I forgot Washington Dan when I mentioned strange boats. Dan is the master of custom boats. This is a little sailboat he's had for a long time and got tired of the outboard hanging on the back so he just cut a hole in the bottom to stick it through. Like me he knows that he can always put a patch over it if it doesn't work but he says that it does indeed work just fine so now he has a powered flagpole. Enjoy it while you can Dan, I think I see ice forming in the distance.



Jim is looking for his next build and it has to be something to really challenge him to the limit. We all start out making little plywood box boats and get progressively more complicated and challenging to keep up our interest. How's this for complicated? It's 36' long, 4' wide and has a hull that's not the same shape on each side, asymmetrical, it's a gondola. Even the oarlock thing that sticks up to push the oar against (the forcola) has a complicated shape that probably takes a month to carve. Our friend Richard up in Apollo Beach is doing the design work for him. I love to see these guys doing stuff like this.

We have all heard of family pets being accidentally left behind on a long trip or family vacation, only to eventually find their way home after days or weeks have passed. It is similar to what happened to our little *Bitty Kat*, but more on that later. Here is some of what happened before *Bitty Kat* returned.

*Bitty Kat* is a 10' catboat that I built about 16 years ago. It was the first catboat built from a kit offered by Upper Deck Boat-building. The company went out of business about a year later. I'm not sure why exactly, but it wasn't because of the catboat kits. The catboat kits came in 10' and 12' versions. At the time Upper Deck was the only one that offered catboat kits and a little catboat is what the lovely and talented Naomi wanted.

*Bitty Kat's* hull was built mostly from precut panels using the stitch and glue method. This was the first real boat I built. I had previously built a couple of 8' rowboats of plywood, but that was the extent of my boat building experience at the time. That was the reason I chose a kit, to minimize the errors that would have been made by a very inexperienced first time boat builder. Having a certain amount of success built into a kit made for a good looking little boat and a somewhat quicker build.

It all started with ordering the kit. It arrived around the early part of April. I was slightly overwhelmed with all the parts and pieces that had to be glued together and not having the slightest idea how to proceed. I then made a confident (possibly over confident or ignorant) claim that I would have it built by the time the *Woodenboat Show* opened up in mid June. I would take it there for the designer to see the finished product, and also to allow prospective customers to sail the boat and see for themselves what a fine little catboat this was.

The building went fairly well with a minimum of problems and obstacles. In a couple of weeks the hull was done and I went on to making the rudder, tiller and centerboard. The centerboard would eventually be an issue at the test launch in a few weeks. In the meantime I had to buy some mahogany for the coaming and oak for the rub rails. The coaming had to be steam bent and a steam box of sorts had to be made as well. I made it out of stovepipe and used a campfire to heat it.

Then the spars arrived. I had to round the mast of Douglas fir and place the hard-

## The Cat Returns Home

By Greg Grundtisch



ware for the throat and peak halyard blocks of bronze, same for the hardware for the spars. Then I assembled the jaws on the boom and gaff and then leathered them to keep from chafing. Then a bunch of little details that never seem to have an end in sight.

The sail arrived about that time from Dabbler Sails. A beautiful sail with a set of reef points. I bent on the sail and got it rigged and then located where the main sheet cleat and other hardware needed to be fastened on. Then I made some cedar floorboards and fitted them to the bottom and it was then on to painting and varnishing. I did the initial painting and such and we took the little cat to Erie Basin in Buffalo for a test sail. It failed.

It turned out that the centerboard was too small and too light. It did not stop the boat from slipping sideways and the board of ply kept floating back into the trunk. I found a way to wedge it down and hoped that would help. It didn't. It needed a larger, deeper board. The solution was to build a dagger board and cut the top off the centerboard trunk and fill the pivot hole and try again. It got better. After several sizes and designs I

got it close, and I also had a Sunfish dagger board that worked, too.

It was then approaching show time and I still had to put on the final coat of paint and several coats of varnish on the spars and other items. The night before the show I was varnishing the floorboards and rudder with a flashlight and trying to dry them with a fan and spotlight. The morning of the show I was varnishing the rub rails and coaming, and it was drying en route to Mystic, Connecticut, on the trailer. There is more to all that but I have digressed too much.

Now years later I found *Bitty Kat* by dumb luck in Detroit, Michigan, on craigslist while looking for other boats. How in the world did she get there? I was surprised to see her there but I was glad because I had some regrets about letting her go in the first place. We gave her to a man in trade for a 27' schooner that he built, a William Atkin designed schooner that I wrote about in these pages years ago. This man used the catboat for a few seasons with his little grandkids to teach them how to sail. He eventually sold it off to another, who sold it to a woman in Detroit, Michigan. She bought it for her brother's kids as a surprise and the surprise was on her. The brother sold the beach cottage about that same time. So the boat was offered for sale on craigslist.

After careful negotiations and then a quick turn and burn daytrip to Detroit, the lovely and talented Naomi and I retook possession of our cute little *Bitty Kat*. I had to make some repairs to the gaff jaws and some other parts, and we will need a new dagger board again as the one that was being used was somehow warped. That's done, the repairs are made and she was waiting for a good day to relaunch this once lost little cat.

That day has arrived! We took *Bitty Kat* back to Erie Basin, her original launch location, and retested the little cat. All went well, very well, and *Bitty Kat* is back home where she belongs, under the watchful eye of the lovely and talented Naomi. She did not like the idea of me trading her away at the time and has made it quite clear many times since. But she didn't know that some cats will eventually find their way back home, as I often tell her I did, just as many time since. Leave them alone and they'll come home.

Some things just seem to work themselves out on their own somehow.

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# Major Improvements at CBMM

In celebration of its 50th anniversary, the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum has recently made major improvements to several of its historic buildings and other structures along its 18 acre Miles River waterfront. Funded through philanthropic support, these improvements include restoration of the historic 1879 Hooper Strait Lighthouse, Point Lookout Bell Tower, Museum Store and Welcome Center. Other enhancements include path repavement, marina and exhibition building upgrades, campus wide wifi and new audiovisual equipment in the museum's Van Lennep Auditorium. Undertaking maintenance that will last for 20 to 30 plus years rather than undertaking quick fix repairs is particularly important heading into the museum's next 50 years. And the improvements make a striking difference.

The 1879 Hooper Strait Lighthouse, now on Navy Point, was originally built to light the way for boats passing through the shallow, dangerous shoals of Hooper Strait, a thoroughfare for boats bound from the Chesapeake Bay across Tangier Sound to Deal Island or places along the Nanticoke and Wicomico Rivers. It was moved by barge to the museum in 1966, and recently received new ceramic paint warranted for 25 years, restored topside decking, and a new copper roof.

The ceramic paint used on the lighthouse was also applied to the Point Lookout Bell Tower, sited near the lighthouse at CBMM. Computer operated controls for the Bell Tower have also been added to facilitate the ringing of ship's bell time. Traditionally, a ship's bell time designates the beginning and end of each four hour watch on board a ship. The bell rings a distinctive pattern to alert sailors of the time and how many hours are left on their shift. The Point Look-



The Point Lookout Bell Tower and the 1879 Hooper Strait Lighthouse received new ceramic paint, with the lighthouse also receiving restored topside decking and a new copper roof.

out Tower's bells now ring on the half hour from 8:30am to 8pm, with a pattern of rings repeating every four hours.

Historically, the Point Lookout Lighthouse and this fog bell tower stood near the treacherous crossroads where the Potomac River meets the Chesapeake Bay, a place where both weather and shipping traffic were tricky. With their function taken over by a steel tower placed offshore, the Coast Guard closed Point Lookout Lighthouse and the fog bell tower in 1965. The Bell Tower was moved to the museum in 1968.

At a "Ship Shape Day" in early May, many of the museum's staff, volunteers and Board members joined together to work on several projects, including installing new gardens and weeding established ones, staining the Oystering on the Chesapeake exhibition building and painting the historic Mitchell House on Fogg's Cove.



Left: The Bell Tower awaits new paint. Above: CBMM President Kristen Greenaway led her team in a "Ship Shape Day" in early May, with many of the museum's staff, volunteers, and Board members joining together to work on several projects including staining the Oystering on the Chesapeake exhibition building. Below: The Oystering on the Chesapeake building and decks have all received improvements, including new stain, power washing, and additional waterfront seating. The exhibition explores the oyster's journey from the Bay to the table and is portrayed in both artifacts and historic photographs of a bygone era.



Installation of museum wide fiber for an enterprise wireless network has also been completed. Wifi access now also covers the museum's marina and parking areas and is set to support mobile application technology currently under development to enhance guest engagement.

Marina upgrades included new pilings for Watermen's Wharf and other docks along the museum's waterfront. Air conditioning and other amenities have been added to the marina showers. Water and electric access for boats has also been expanded or upgraded in many of the museum's members only slips, including 100amp availability. Refreshments, bicycles and carts are also now available for boaters through the museum's Welcome Center, which also received several upgrades.

In the Van Lennep Auditorium, audio visual equipment has been upgraded, including a new, surround sound speaker system, ceiling mounted projector, automated shades and projector screen. The facility showcases changing exhibitions, including the current Jay Fleming exhibition "Chesapeake Unseen" and many of the trailboards in the museum's collection. The auditorium is utilized year round for the museum's education programs as well as corporate meetings and community and private events.

Established in 1965, the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum is a world class maritime museum funded mostly through private donations and serving more than 70,000 guests each year. CBMM is the only maritime museum in the world dedicated to preserving and exploring the history, environment and people of the entire Chesapeake Bay in a meaningful and authentic way. See more campus improvement photos at [www.bit.ly/CBMMImprovements](http://www.bit.ly/CBMMImprovements).

# TRILOBOATS

AVAST, ye CURVY DOGS!



## Toward the Way

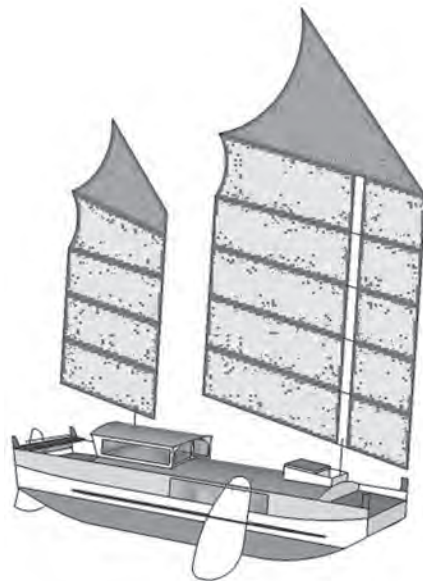
By David Zeigler

In construction we acquire skills that will last a lifetime and see us and our vessel through thick and thin. On that far and perilous shore we have a fighting chance. We partner and understand our own creations in ways that cannot be bought. We shape ourselves as much as we shape them. In that shaping, we and the entities we bring to life are joined.

Our boat is shelter. Transportation. A tool. A partner. Pretty fundamental stuff. She (or he, as the case may be) watches over us as we sleep, saves our lives by “living through the gale.” Every moment, she enfolds us within her hull, separating us from the cold abyss.

DIY is the first act of love, in all that follows.

So what are we going to build? Ah!



WAYWARD

*S/V Wayward*, A Name for the Way. A long time ago, before I first set foot on board a sailing vessel, before Anke, I drew a picture of a Curvy Dog and wrote, “I shall build a boat and name her *Wayward* and we shall sail away.” Yeah, yeah, sappy, I know. But it was a promise to myself that helped see me through a dark time. As we built our various homes, I kept that name in the running, though it didn’t appeal to Anke.

But one day, as the new boat began taking on enough shape to really feel her spirit, Anke idled over the list of names scrawled in the margins of the plan and this time *Wayward* caught her eye, prompting, “what a great name!” We gave it a month of fair trial to be sure. And now we are. Looking it up, one finds some less than complimentary meanings. But they all pretty much paraphrase as the meanings listed below. These much better match resonances to which we attune.

*Wayward* (adjective): 1. Toward the way. 2. Questions authority; insubordinate. 3. Difficult to control or predict. 4. Neither entirely conventional nor respectable.

All but the first, we like to think, are secondary descriptors of ourselves. We question authority at many’s the turn and evade it where we can. We can be hard to pin down and can’t predict our own path from one day to the next. We’re dots toward the thin end of any bell curve. We’re no paragon of propriety. But our favorite meaning indicates the WAY, the Road, the Tao, the Watercourse Way. Toward the Way. *Wayward*.

**Editor Comments:** Are you ready to learn more? If so, simply google “Barge in the Making,” scroll to “Barge in the Making: *S/V Wayward*... A Name for the Way” and prepare for a long session going through the blog archives offered monthly from late 2013. Perhaps it is better enjoyed in installments as there is a LOT of interesting reading text and viewing photos of progress included.

(David Zeigler has designed his own series of boats encompassing his views on what a boat should be for living aboard and offers his plans under the name Trilo Boats. Google it to see more.)

Anke and I live aboard *Slacktide*, our T26x7 ketch. We sail by wind, tide and muscle in the waters of mid to northern southeast Alaska. We try to maximize the joys of life and minimize the chores. We live between the communities of southeast Alaska but drop in to visit with friends elsewhere. Lately we’ve worked every other winter caretaking Baranof Wilderness Lodge in Warm Springs Bay. This has given us a window on the web.

We’re working toward a subsistence lifestyle, somewhat impeded by addictions to coffee, chocolate and cheese. We think the end of the world as we know it is looming and, while we won’t be ready, we’d at least like comfortable seats.

We are putting together our last boat. I’ve been writing about whats, wheres, hows, whys and why nots. These aren’t universal, of course, but as determined by our quirks and inclinations. The time has come to get started!

Why a final boat? Well, we’re not getting any younger. The physical and economic resources we can muster to build are likely to dwindle in the coming years. If we have a shot, there’s no time like the present.

What’s wrong with the boat we’ve got? We built *Slacktide* (T26x7) about six years ago as a proof of concept for a liveaboard sailing box barge, something we could live aboard indefinitely if we had to, but limited in size in case she didn’t work out.

As such, she’s small and laid out as a camper cruiser, like sitting/kneeling in a luxurious tent. We figured we had roughly a decade before the lack of furniture became a challenge. And her small capacity means we can’t carry some of the field kitchen gear or liquid goods we’d like (more on that later).

Her box barge hull form exceeded all our expectations. The box barge, in our opinion, is a truly viable option for liveaboard sailors. Not for everyone, mind you, nor all waters. But they get us where we’re going in comfort and a certain rugged style.

Why our own design? Why build our own? We grow through DIY, in knowledge and skill. DIY empowers us. In design, we know ourselves better than any other, no matter how able and willing, one size fits us, not all or most. And in finding our way through the myriad options, we come to know ourselves better yet.





25 Years Ago  
in **MAIB**



My father Arthur Shurcliff (bow) and I in my first double kayak, 17'x32", named "Scotchman" because it never tipped.

## Some Very Picturesque Kayaks

In 1888, my father, Arthur A. Shurcliff (then 18), visited Harvard University's Peabody Museum in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and was delighted by the eskimo kayaks exhibited there. He decided to try to make one for himself. He set to work in his parent's home on West Cedar St. on Beacon Hill in Boston, and made quick progress. He covered the lightweight frame he constructed with 1/8" thick mahogany veneer, secured with copper rivets. This hull he then covered with canvas and then painted it. This first kayak was about 14' long and weighed about 25 pounds. He made a number of short trips on the Charles River, taking along camping equipment, including a tiny 5 pound sheet metal cooking stove.

Later, while employed as landscape architect and city planner for the Rockefeller project, Colonial Williamsburg, he found time to build more kayaks at his summer home on Argilla Road in Ipswich, Massachusetts. I was by then old enough to give him some help. These later kayaks used no wooden sheathing, no veneer. The frame, of knot-free spruce bought from a ladder manufacturer, was covered with canvas. The paint was "airplane dope" routinely used on the cloth covered wings of light airplanes, and it made the canvas watertight and very taut. And it dried in 15 minutes!

These kayaks, with their long and high rakish bows, were very picturesque. They were long, about

17', and light, about 30 pounds. But I found them unsatisfactory on windy days; the lateral push of the wind on the bow made it hard to hold a cross-wind course. Also, there was no proper seat, and my rear end soon became numbed. Additionally, these kayaks were so wide that one had to keep one's elbows raised to avoid having the paddle hit the gunwales. This was a very tiring position to maintain.

My father later in his life fitted one of his kayaks with a small sail. When he was 70 years old he enjoyed sailing more than paddling. Two of his kayaks still exist, covered now with over 50 years of dust.

In about 1931 at Ipswich, with the help of my youngest sister, Alice, I designed and built a 17' long double kayak that was light and comfortable, but proved to be unnecessarily wide at about 32". One could even stand up in it without capsizing. Absurd! It was disappointingly slow. Result, I sold it to a neighbor. He paid me \$35 for it, for which price I recanvassed and repainted it and hand-made two new double paddles. A hard way to make money.

I had learned by now that a kayak could be much more slender, much faster, and yet be stable. I set to work and designed what was perhaps the longest and fastest single kayak ever built; 23' long, 23" beam. I purchased the necessary strips of knot-free spruce, the canvas, the airplane dope, brass

screws and copper rivets. My father helped me build it, and what a pace we hit. No pauses. While performing one task we planned and debated the next one. Everything went together fast. We began at 8 a.m. on a Friday and put the finished kayak into Castle Neck Creek at noon on Saturday.

This first tryout revealed poor stability. Too tippy. Why? Two reasons were revealed; the keel was absolutely straight and the seat region was wide enough so that its occupant's rear end was free to jiggle right or left an inch or two. How well could you ski if there was a half-inch of play inside your ski boots? We carried the kayak back to the shop, removed the canvas, corrected both troubles, re-applied the canvas, and put it back into the water 24 hours later. Success now, stability.

How did we correct the design deficiencies? First, we arranged the keel to be two inches lower amidships than at either end. This meant that the occupant's center of gravity was lowered by an inch or more. Second, we installed springy longitudinal strips that "hugged" the occupant's hips, preventing any lateral motion. A person with extra-wide hips literally could not fit into the kayak.

This kayak we named "Photon". It drew only 2.5" and was extremely fast, so fast that I had to discard my usual double-bladed paddles and make extra long ones. The decking sloped downwards to-





From the top: My father in his first eskimo kayak. I prepare to test my 23' solo "Proton" in 1933. Another shot of me in "Proton".

wards the bow and stern, so the wind could get very little grip on it. A stiff crosswind had little effect.

A humorous trick I performed with this kayak was to take it to the Ipswich River just upstream of the 5' high Willowdale Dam, aim it upstream, and appear to fall asleep. As the kayak drifted backwards towards the dam, people standing on shore became convinced I would soon plunge over the dam. Automobiles passing by would stop in horror to watch the impending tragedy. Soon the rearmost 4 or 5 feet of the kayak would project out

over the dam in mid-air. I would then spring to life at the last moment, paddle a few strokes forward, and then resume my "nap"!

Another inadvertent bit of humor this long kayak provided for me occurred one time as I was transporting it atop my Ford car. As I pulled up to stop at a red light behind a car that had a rumble seat, I noted a boy and girl were seated in the rumble seat. When I came to a stop, the bow of my kayak overhung the young couple and steadily began dripping water upon them. I quickly backed up while I could.

In 1934 I designed and built what may be the world's narrowest kayak, 18" wide overall, 18' long. I used every trick I had learned by then to maximize stability and barely succeeded. I also used many of my tricks to provide comfort. I modified the main cross structure so that it also served as a 20" high form fitting backrest and I made a long narrow form fitting seat of nearly zero thickness so that my center of gravity would remain low. I also provided comfortable heel rests.

This kayak, named "Electron" was my greatest success. It was so narrow and low that I paddled with elbows completely relaxed, close to my body. It was so low at bow and stern as to catch almost no wind. It was so slender that it was very fast. It was so comfortable that I could paddle almost indefinitely without tiring. One of my first trips was from Ipswich out to, and around, Cape Ann, returning via Gloucester harbor and the Annisquam River, Wingershiek Beach and Castle Neck Creek; 45 miles in all, done non-stop in nine hours.

I discovered a remarkable fact about very narrow kayaks. Even if I paddled parallel to 6' high breaking waves and a great comber broke right on top of me, I did not tip over. The kayak was so narrow that the wave could get no "grip" on it, could exert little torque. I could continue paddling straight ahead unscathed. The lap robe prevented any water from entering the boat. With my wider kayaks, this could not be done, the breaking wave parallel to the kayak, inevitably capsized it.

Once paddling off Long Beach, New Jersey, on a rough and windy day, I had the curious experience of "surfboarding" in too successfully. As the wave rushed toward the shore gaining height, I managed to keep the kayak balanced on its crest, coasting along at high speed. At the last moment, with the wave, now resembling a 7' high vertical wall, the kayak fell forward, the bow plunged down into the calm water ahead of the crest and struck bottom. The stern was thrown up and over, the kayak and I turned a complete end-over-end somersault.

One problem I never licked was getting rid of sand that washed into the kayak. I had made no provision for access to the bow and stern interiors. If the problem had become bad enough, I suppose I could have washed it out with a garden hose.

Pleased with the "Electron" design, I set to work designing a similar kayak for two, the "Deuteron". This craft was 25' long, 19.5" wide overall. It too was so narrow that we could paddle with elbows relaxed and it too was low at bow and stern to minimize windage. With two strong men paddling, or-





Left: My father heads out to try "Photon". Right: My 1931 17' double before covering.

dinary length double paddles could hardly keep up so I again built extra-long, extra-light paddles.

I took many long trips in this kayak, including a non-stop trip from Haverhill to Essex, Massachusetts; a trip along the Maine coast near Kittery, and a 4-hour trip from Ipswich to Manchester, Massachusetts. Another humorous adventure occurred off Wingaershieck Beach in Gloucester, Massachusetts, in rough weather. A friend paddled bow and I paddled stern. We sped shoreward amidst moderately high waves, travelling along with them. On one occasion we just kept up with a 4' high wave which peaked about where my partner sat. He was completely underwater while I con-

tinued to enjoy the air. Because the kayak and wave travelled on at the same speed, it began to look as if my partner would never be able to breathe again. Fortunately the wave soon broke and my partner emerged from the foam.

My last memorable trip in this kayak was in 1938, a circumnavigation of Manhattan Island on the hottest day of that summer. We started from an abandoned ferry slip near Jersey City, crossed to the Battery at the southern tip of Manhattan, zoomed up the East River on a swift following tide making a city block every 17 seconds. We were non-plussed to find the current in the Harlem River to be squarely against us. To make any

progress at all, we had to adopt a racing stroke, very tiring after a few miles. We lost so much time in the Harlem River that when we arrived in the Hudson we also hit the tide wrong, and had to battle fatigue and thirst to again reach the ferry slip, 28 miles and 7 hours after we began.

Well, these kayaks are no more, the last one withered away about 25 years ago. Today at 81 I am retired from my career as a physicist at Harvard. The designs would no doubt today be considered obsolete, but I am still quite proud of what my father and I evolved and enjoyed those many long years ago.

William Shurcliff, Cambridge, MA

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I found a boat for sale that I could not identify and I thought the price was in the budget for my ongoing buy low and resell for pocket money plans. I contacted the seller and was told that all he knew was that he had it for 30 years and the person he got it from had it for over 30 years. The seller was calling it an "Adirondack type" boat of unknown age and design.

I drove to central New York to look at, negotiate and buy an unidentifiable boat. After careful inspection I was pleased to find it was water ready, save for some swelling, as the boat had been out of water and in a garage for over 20 years. There was also a big surprise with this boat that I will reveal later. I loaded it up and brought it home to show the Lovely and Talented Naomi my latest find. She was immediately impressed by the craftsmanship and good looks of the skiff and asked, "How much?"

I replied, "You don't put a price on craftsmanship and artistry like that."

"Oh yes, you do, and what was it?" she asked stridently.

"The asking price was \$900 and I paid \$600, how 'bout that?"

She was once again very impressed with my skills of diplomacy and negotiation and asked the question I seem to ask myself at times when I get too many (if there is such a thing) used, beat up, unwanted boats. "What are you going to do with it?"

I first needed to find out what builder and what design this boat was. I contacted the Adirondack Museum and they were helpful but could not identify the design. I then contacted the Finger Lakes Boating Museum. I emailed the Museum and Paige Doerner replied and said she would forward my inquiry and photos to the appropriate person to see about identification.

A couple of days later I got a response from Ed Wightman, the President and Collections Chair of the Finger Lakes Boating Museum. He stated that it looks to be a 16' Outboard Motor Boat from the Skaneateles Boat and Canoe Co. He also generously sent along a book compiled by the Museum titled, *The Wooden Boats of Skaneateles NY*. In the book are photos and descriptions of the boats that were built by the Skaneateles Boat and Canoe Co and also some history of the company.

For those unfamiliar with the area, the Finger Lakes Region of New York has a rich history of boat building and boating in general going back to the mid to late 1800s.

## A Skaneateles Skiff

By Greg Grundtisch

Some of the original boats built there are familiar to many, some of which are Comet, Lightning, Snipe, Penguin, Rhodes Bantam, Hydrolite Dinghy, Arrow Class, International 14, Gosling and also runabouts, launches and catboats among other "special built" custom boats. Oh, they built skiffs and canoes, too.

After learning the identity of the boat, I revealed to the ever inquisitive Naomi that there were also two sets of oars that came with it. Not just any oars, but two sets of Shaw and Tenney oars, and in nearly new condition. I explained to her that Shaw and Tenney are somewhat famous oar and paddle makers in Orono, Maine. They have been in business since 1858 and are still producing high quality oars and paddles. They are arguably the best in the business in that regard. The oars are lightweight and strong and they look beautiful.

It looks like my boat karma is still good and I have been very fortunate with some of my more recent finds so far. It seems lately that many boats I have found have some little surprises to them. I have been able to either sell them for a few extra dollars, to keep my lovely and talented bride calm, or I find something in the boats that are worth as much as the boat itself, sometimes more. In an older, but still very good usable Weekender sailboat I bought back in April I found a set of beautiful brand new Dabbler sails, still folded in the sail bag from the sail maker. The price of the new sails? You can't put a price on craftsmanship or artistry. They are remarkably beautiful well made sails.

The Skaneateles Skiff will likely stay in our fleet for now. It seems to have grown on the Lovely and Talented Naomi when she learned of the history of the boat and value of the oars. She has similar thoughts about the Weekender, too, but that is definitely for sale as we have enough sailboats at present. Well, maybe we will sail the Weekender a couple of times to make sure all is right with it and the sails fit as perfectly as they were made and hand finished.

The details of the Skaneateles Skiff, aka "The 16' Outboard Motor Boat" are:

Length 16' (15'6" actually)

Beam 48" (51" actually)

White cedar planks, red elm ribs, cop-



per rivets for fasteners, oak for keel, gunnels, transom and stem, cypress seats, nickel or brass fittings, pinned or horned locks and straight blade oars. Total cost in 1930, \$145! It seems to have increased in value.

The boats were built throughout the 1920s and early '30s of lapstrake construction. There was a sister boat of this type, too, that had a sail rig, called a Combination Camp Boat. It is the same size and materials as the Motor Boat.

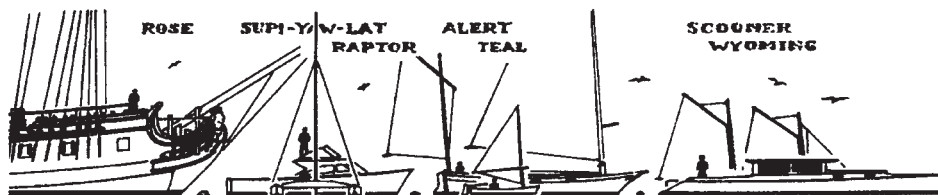
The Finger Lakes Boat Museum is in Penn Yan, New York, at the mid section of Seneca Lake on the west side. They have over 90 boats in their collection that were built in the Finger Lakes Region, and over 350 members, including myself and Naomi. Visit them on the web, join the Museum or get information at [www.flbm.org](http://www.flbm.org).

This is a very beautiful lakes region of New York State. It is a great place for boating, fishing, touring, camping and wine making and vineyards, and a lot of early American history, to mention only a few enjoyable options this area has to offer. The area also had many boat shops, both large and small, that were in operation up to the Depression era when many went out of business. There were still some shops that survived the depression and stayed in business up to the '50s and '60s, only to be displaced by corporate built, mass produced fiberglass boats. There are still some small shops here and there in the Finger Lakes area, but are usually part time one man operations.

I would welcome hearing from anyone who may have any insight and/or information on this type of boat, or information on where one may find parts and fittings and the like. I can be contacted at [grundyswoodworks@roadrunner.com](mailto:grundyswoodworks@roadrunner.com).







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Language such as “Wide Open Throttle - W.O.T.” and “...her coming fully alive” in the last issue sounded promising enough. And sweet enough it has been, with Chris Perley’s 17 year old 225 Mariner and what I thought to be a decent compromise with the 16”x13” three bladed aluminum propeller to reliably get her on a plane with a decent load and still meet adequate top speed expectations.

I proposed, and Bob the Editor agreed, that it may be best to let pictures and limited commentary tell that long awaited chapter of this project’s story. Patient readers sure will recall its mounting word count. Here, to balance things a bit, I’ll add to the picture count.

## Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

*Gadabout*

aka “SACPAS-3”

LCP Landing Craft Personnel

Design #681: 39’1”x7’5”x12”x225hp  
 19th in a Series of Articles

And yes, we’ve been lucky with that fabulous summer weather.

Here the setting is a tidal creek late June/early July ’15 with smooth water just close enough to the home base to not be too aggravated should the engine do something unexpected. After all, the previous outings had left a certain amount of distrust, with that big 35lb Delta anchor one comforting brake within ready reach should a loss of power leave us drifting to where one wants to go. After having learned the equivalent of “it helps to plug it in,” to resolve the electrical problem, this day’s agenda would be to gain trust in the outboard, then learn more about the behavior of the boat including her speed, while lots of photos are taken.



Picture #1: After depositing the intrepid photographer on the marsh, we’ll gradually open the throttles on those six carburetor throats on that three liter two stroke.



Picture #2: To raise her bow some 6” as we begin to move past hull speed.



Picture #3: To get well into planing mode producing a fair amount of wake on that running weight of some 8,600lbs with about 1,100lbs of fuel, plus my 185lbs, stuff, gear, tools, more stuff aboard, including for trim.



Picture #6 shows us what had actually happened. With her nose way too high in the air she was running on a ball bearing cushion of air bubbles between her 3” deep triple skegs, despite the four plus tons of weight on not much resistance against just the hull’s flat stern section. No wonder she had entered warp-drive, with an attitude not useful for anything but smooth water. No point in building a sharp Vee entry forward if it can’t cut waves to reduce the impact on her narrow square sections aft.

The outboard’s negative trim option was having much less effect



Picture #4: To build a modest rooster tail on shallower waves.



Picture #5: Finally reaching V-max, top speed, a number that however must remain classified since we were beginning to tear at the time space continuum, actually quite promising for my expectations of her speed with closer to a full load. Smooth water wide-open runs with a light load are not particularly meaningful anyway.

than hoped for. And being long and narrow and thus likely quite affected by weights stationary and moving fore and aft, before the next outing we’d want to move certain weights forward and in general propose good sized electric trim tabs on her transom to keep her attitude as best suited to weights aboard and given sea conditions. After all, the Navy had proposed a load of four crew plus up to eight Marines, a fair bit of weight much of which will move about her, whether desired by the helmsman or not. So, nose up and all, we had reached warp drive, which suggested adequate power to haul that projected load at useful speeds.



Picture #7 looks quite dashing indeed, once that bow attitude is ignored.



Picture #8 after a slow down in the narrow channel for a displacement speed 180° turn we cut our own wake and open her up one more time.



Picture #11 her other business end did not deter the photographer, since between water-level and marsh he found it easier to clamber over her bow than to have me lower the bow gate. Here another view of her walk through layout along her centerline, allowing quick reach from the helm of both bow and stern. And yes, that bug on her port cuddy roof is a GPS sensor plugged into the laptop for this good enough approach to testing her.

So, off we were on to the next location, sort of outside at sea and with a photographer's vantage point from much higher up to add some depth to the images.



Picture #13 has us looking for waves, with none to be found except our own. Since we have already poked at top speed, in this session the throttle will remain at 80% at best for a few drive bys, higher speed turns, figure-eights etc, between the many lobster trap buoys.



Picture #9 would make another fine sales-photo. Rather gratifying seeing her push towards escape velocity.



Picture #10: Before we have to throttle back again before we hit that highway straight ahead. The insurance paperwork on boats T-boning cars is said to be quite a proposition.



Picture #12 shows *Gadabout* leaving Lanes Cove, a proverbial hole in the (sea)wall on the north side of Cape Ann, facing Ipswich Bay, part of the Gulf of Maine. Try Google Earth.



Picture #14 with lots of blue sky and water helping present a boat profile not seen before here nor anywhere actually until her launching. And lots of folks would come to notice her as I cruised/bragged around in these weeks of testing and demonstrating her.

Picture #15 features doing a 70% throttle sharp turn with her staying bolt upright and tearing the water all to pieces, as Phil's local mentor boat designer and builder Nick Montgomery would have remarked, as she is forced to push her 8,600+lbs of square sides and bottom into this turn, leaving a wake piling up to well above the outboard's hood top but, of course, many feet behind it. That stern brace running right across behind the outboard would only catch the tip of a water mound like this in certain rare circumstances, apparently high enough to never become a stern brake.







Picture #16 has her picking up speed again after that turn had converted her forward motion into white and bulging green water waves and mounds during that turn.



Picture #17 has her loafing along at likely around her best cruising speed of some 15 knots.



Picture #18 offers her stern layout from up high.



Picture #19, soon to maneuver to pick up the photographer from that granite wall.



Picture #20 V-max! Good thing we were strapped in, had our protective gear on and had advised Ground Control of our intentions

So much for the pretty pictures from this episode.

In terms of numbers: V-max = known but kept classified. V-max with 75% fuel and eight folks aboard was measured at well over 25kts during a later outing, all this with that 17 year old motor. Therefore, with 12 uniformed folks and their gear (not tested here) we'd still see well over 20kts.

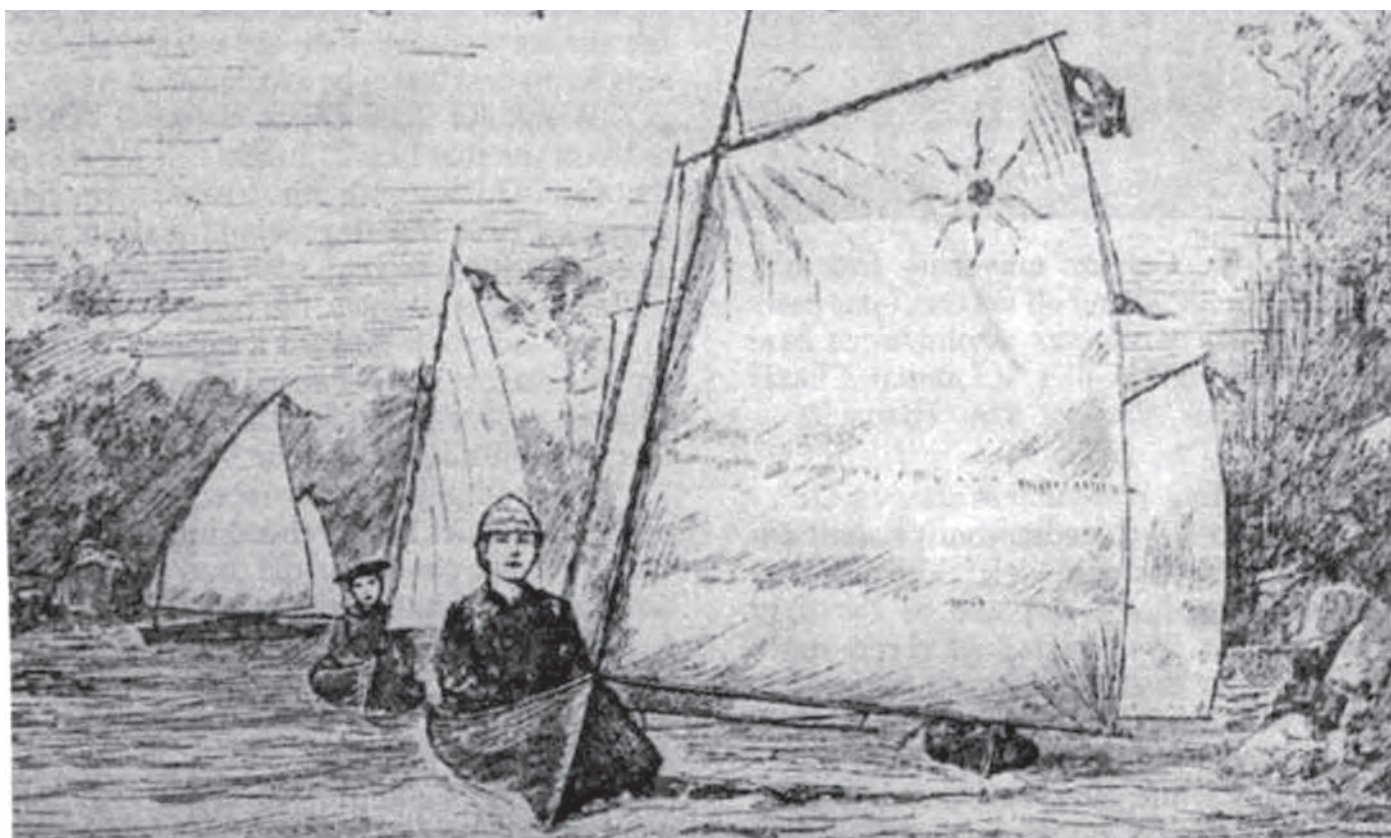
Best set up likely would be new single 250hp four stroke with a perfectly matched

prop (perhaps the same one) with USNM/USMC likely insisting on twin 150s for redundancy. However, with that hull intended only for those 20-25kts speed ranges, despite ample power no "Miami Vice" cigarette-boats reenactment wave jumping would be indicated with this simple flat sterned hull. You'd end up eventually breaking both boat and people, in whichever order.

Both pictures #11 and #19 show her distinct bow gate. What we did with that par-

ticular boat attribute beyond quaint niceties, we're talking dedicated hard core mission here, will be the subject of another well illustrated narrative in the next issue.

Don't you hate when you have to wait? Well, in light of this fine report here, you will have some time to conjure up exquisite scenarios of what we may have done with the boat, where, when, why?! And what happened afterwards.





# Launching Toy

By Derek Van Loan



90° pivot to go over the side.



Airfoil shape aids gasoline mileage over the road 2,000 miles from California.



Ready to roll.



Leaner. Launching wheels await.



90° spin.

Lowering.

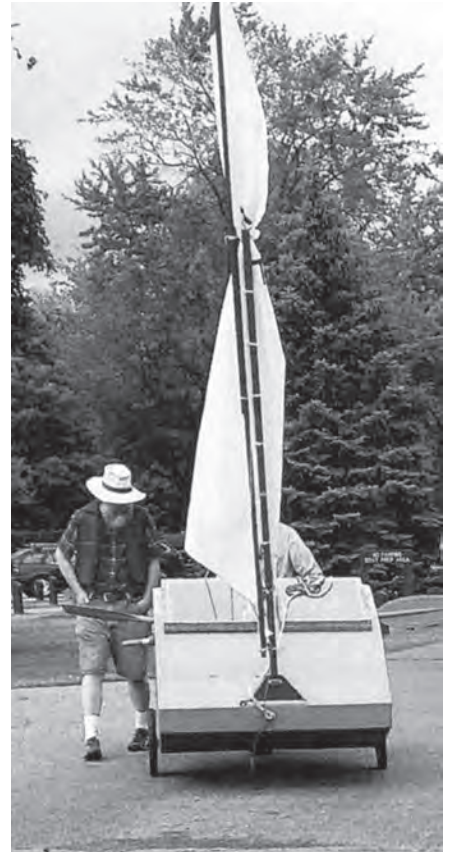


Straightening up onto transom.



But first the rig.

Off to the ramp.







Backing her down.



Afloat.

Passenger aboard.



Sail away.



Reaching by.

Tacking back.



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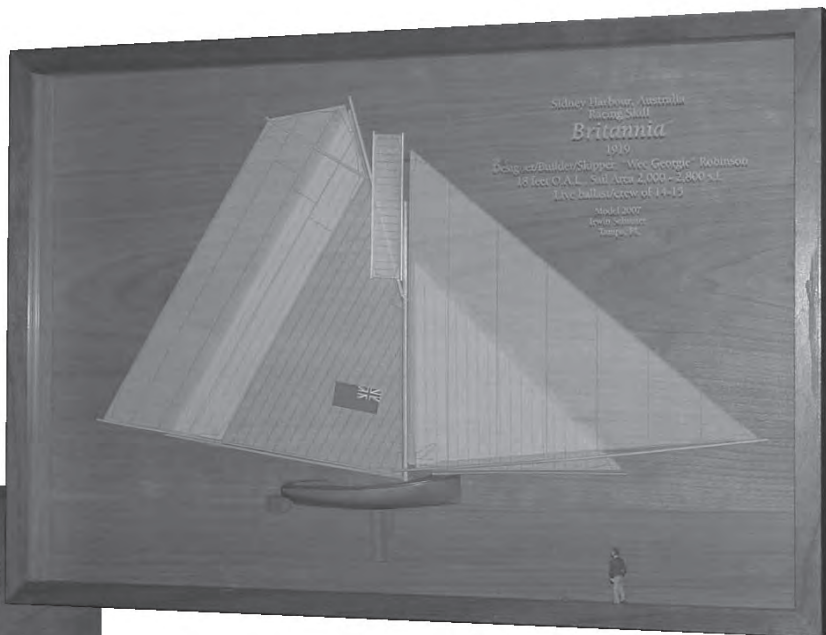
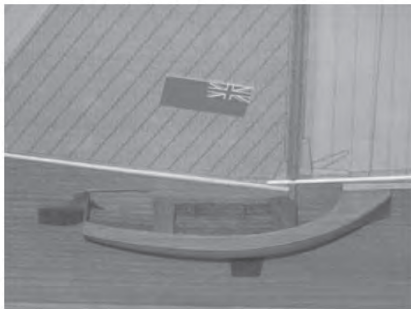
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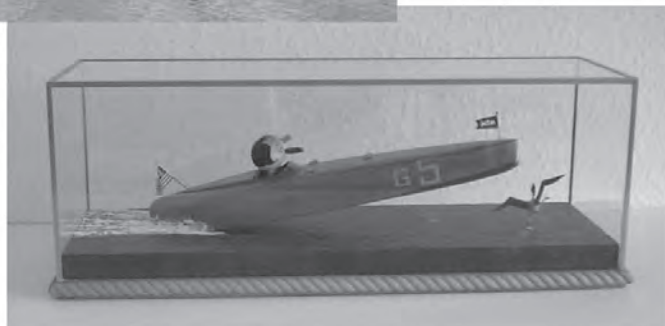
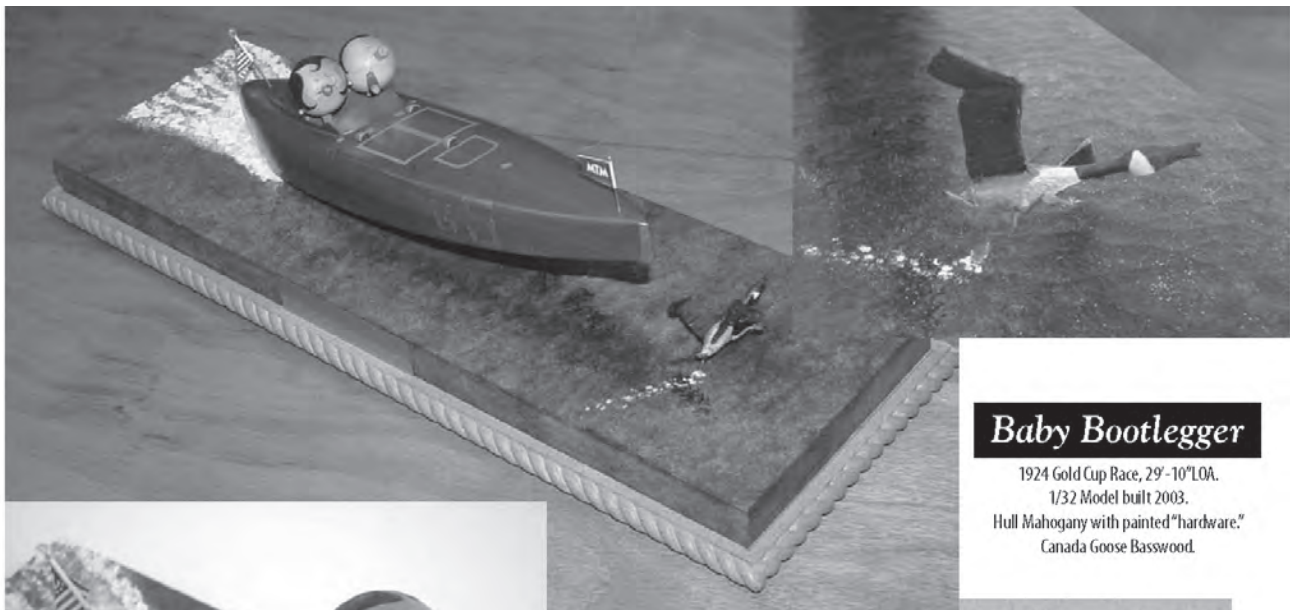
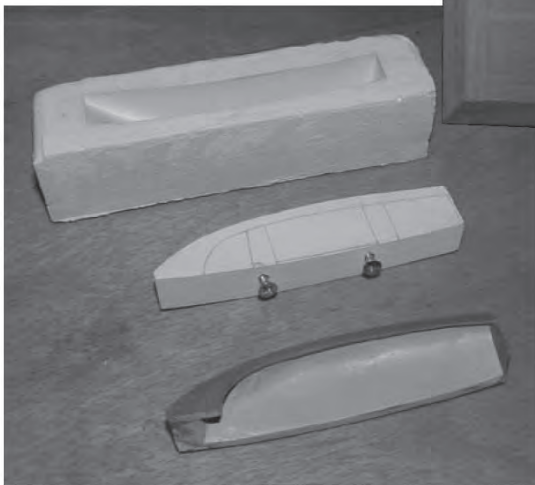


## Britannia, 18' Racing Skiff

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Designer-Skipper, "Wee Georgie" Robinson.  
Model built 2007. Hull Cherry with Cherry details.  
Scale figure of Sculpy™

Shown at left is the initial hull of Bondo™ in a Plaster-of-Paris cast mold and abandoned. Why carve a pattern and not a wood hull?  
What was I thinking?

Answer: The pattern was foam and easier, but still misguided.







# Ship's Log Tampa Bay Ship Model Society 3

A PARTNER OF THE FLORIDA MARITIME MUSEUM AT CORTEZ

**Bob Hill** brought and generously distributed, a half-dozen copies of his exhaustive development on the Civil War gun vessel *Cairo*. Bob has fully documented *Cairo's* hull, superstructure, weapons, paddle wheel and power plant, including boilers. *USS Cairo Gunboat and Museum*, Vicksburg National Military Park, Mississippi. Following from Park Service site:

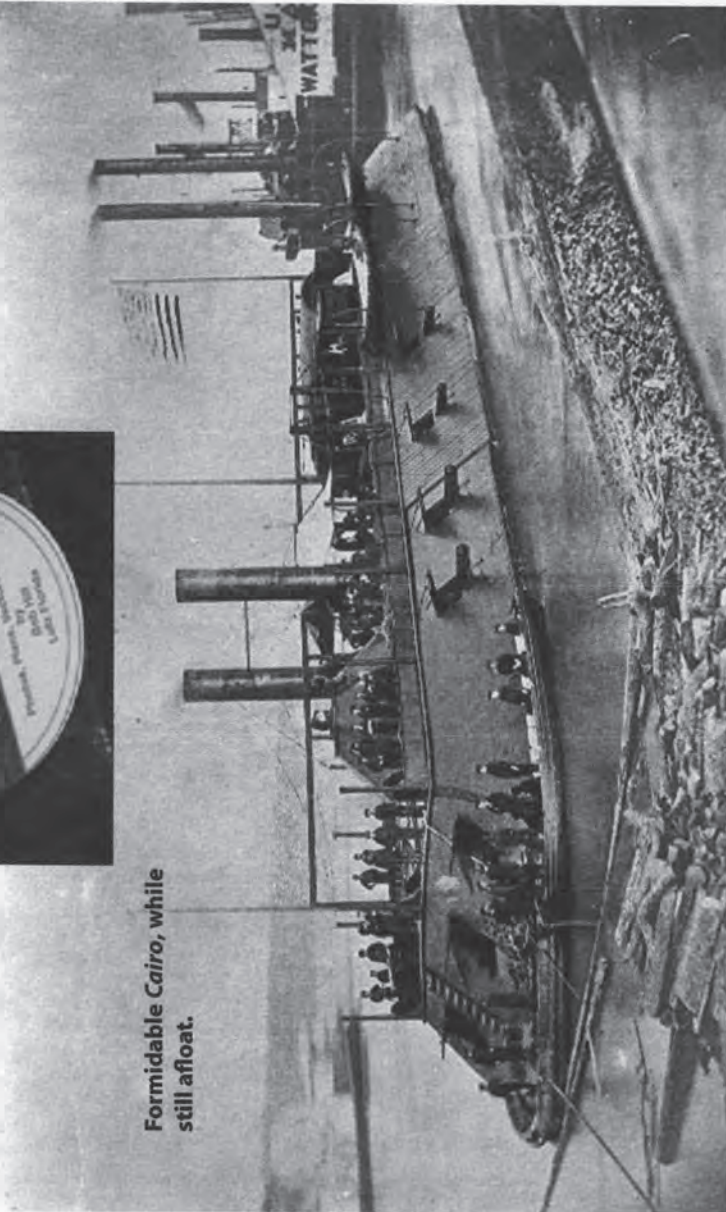
"The U.S.S. *Cairo* was one of seven ironclad gunboats named in honor of towns along the upper Mississippi and Ohio rivers. These powerful ironclads were formidable vessels, each mounting thirteen big guns (cannon). On them rested in large part, Northern hopes to regain control of the lower Mississippi River and split the Confederacy in two. The "city class" gunboats were designed by Samuel M. Pook and built by river engineer James B. Eads. *Cairo* was constructed at Mound City, Illinois, and commissioned in January 1862. The *Cairo* was destined to see only limited action in the engagement at Plum Point in May and in the battle of Memphis in June. Her most significant action came six months later when she kept a rendezvous with destiny.

The *Cairo's* skipper, Lt. Commander Thomas O. Selfridge, Jr., was rash and ambitious, a stern disciplinarian, but an aggressive and promising young officer. On the cold morning of December 12, 1862, Selfridge led a small flotilla up the Yazoo River, north of Vicksburg, to destroy Confederate batteries and clear the channel of torpedoes (underwater mines). As the *Cairo* reached a point seven miles north of Vicksburg the flotilla came under fire and Selfridge ordered the guns to ready. As the gunboat turned towards shore disaster struck. *Cairo* was rocked by two explosions in quick succession which tore gaping holes in the ship's hull. Within twelve minutes the ironclad sank into six (6) fathoms (36 feet) of water without any loss of life. *Cairo* became the first ship in history to be sunk by an electrically detonated torpedo."



Bob's work is stunning in the totality of its documentation. Anybody interested in a copy can contact Sec/Ed, who will connect y'all up.

Formidable *Cairo*, while still afloat.





## Some Small Boats of Summer

Skiffs awaiting...



Rampantics...



Political campaigner...



Photos by Harvey Petersiel

Only three?

Hot dog...



The Harbormaster in action...



Time now to play...



Photos from the Internet

When cartopping won't suffice...





I had a problem starting the Westerbeke Diesel in our Sisu 26. Tracing things, I found that the starter was “hanging” from time to time. Since I also had a fresh water leak in the engine’s cooling system, I contacted my Diesel mechanic about looking into both problems. The leak was an easy fix but the starter needed some additional work (a new solenoid). When he put everything back together, he also replaced one of the battery connectors which he said was looking “poorly.” Everything worked well when I next tested the system. It could have been the battery connection, the starter or a combination thereof.

I was reminded of how important the connections between the battery and the starter are when my wife and I got into our hearse to drive back from Shell Point to Tallahassee the other day and the hearse’s engine would not start. The starter would not even turn over! The first step was the battery connections. For some reason the ground connection was not tight. I got out the 1/2” open end wrench and tightened the connection. It was still loose. Further inspection showed that part of the connector had broken. Into the toolbox for a spare battery connector and the replacement of the broken negative connector. I put everything back together and no luck!

Deciding that the broken connector had diminished the charging of the battery on the trip down to Shell Point, I called on a neighbor for help and jumped from his vehicle’s battery to the hearse’s electrical system, bypassing the battery with a tight connection of the negative jumper to the frame of the hearse (with the positive jumper to the positive battery pole). Yes, it is an very old vehicle (1970) and I can still bypass the battery to get the engine started. All worked and we were on our way back to Tallahassee. The point to all of this is just because the connectors “look good” does not mean they are electrically solid. I think I will go back to shaking the battery cables now and then to make sure they are tight.



## From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

Before my neighbor brought over his vehicle and I dug out my heavy duty jumper cables from storage in the hearse, we tried to use his 12 volt jump starter package that he has on his boat for battery backup when cruising. It is a nice, compact product with short cables and good clamps. It did not work as its charge was low. After getting the hearse started, they headed back to their place with plans to get the jump starter recharged (a 34 hour process). At least they will have a charged battery backup the next time they go cruising.

The sacrificial zinc anodes that go into the boat engine’s heat exchanger need replacement from time to time as the zinc disintegrates. The brass fitting makes a great plug and it is also recyclable once the zinc remains are removed. The nice bit about the zincs I use is that the sacrificial part unscrews from the brass “nut” part. This means I can take the brass to the local recycle operation and get a bit of money for them.

Many items in the “nautical etiquette” list have a reason. One example I see ignored from time to time is a person throwing a line to someone on the float. The line sails through the air quite nicely and reaches the person on the float. But it is the wrong end of the line! The non loop end was thrown instead of the end with the loop. The idea of throwing the loop is that the person on the float then simply drops it over a cleat and their job is done. The tensioning of the line and the control of the boat is the responsibility of the person on the boat.

Another item is the stowage of fenders. One sees many a boat with the fenders still over the side long after it has left the dock area. I inquired as to why and was told that they get in the way on the boat when one is going forward and it is a bother (let alone a stowage space problem) to stow them in the boat. And here I thought that the stowage area under the cockpit seats was where the fenders were to be stowed. Some people have fender stowage racks secured to life line stanchions, but these are expensive products and the fenders can still “be in the way” unless they are stored outboard. One problem with outboard storage of the fenders is in storm conditions when wave action may simply remove the rack and fenders in one motion, leading to the conundrum if the fenders are stored outboard in racks, where do you put the fenders when you are getting into storm conditions?

Most harbor entrances are marked and maintained by the Coast Guard. Private, non commercial channels are up to those who use such channels. The entrance to our harbor area, all private channels, is hard to find offshore. Some years back the marina installed a white light on top of the entrance tripod that had been installed earlier. The light was hard to see against the shoreline at night (all the house lights blended together in the background). When a second marina was established, that marina owner installed a red flashing light with a light sensor and solar battery charger. All was well until recently when the red light stopped flashing. The marina that installed the tripod and original light no longer exists, the local Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla that had been maintaining the light had disbanded and the local government agency that might take the maintenance over does not seem interested. Thus, it is back to local knowledge (or a very good GPS reading) for a night entrance. At some point the light will be back working. In the meantime, if you come into Shell Point (Apalachee Bay) at night, be very careful!



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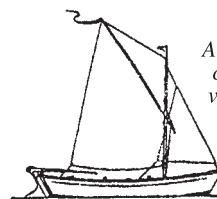
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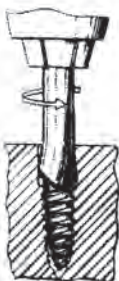
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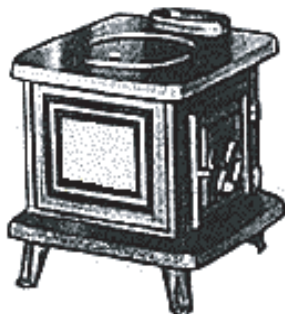
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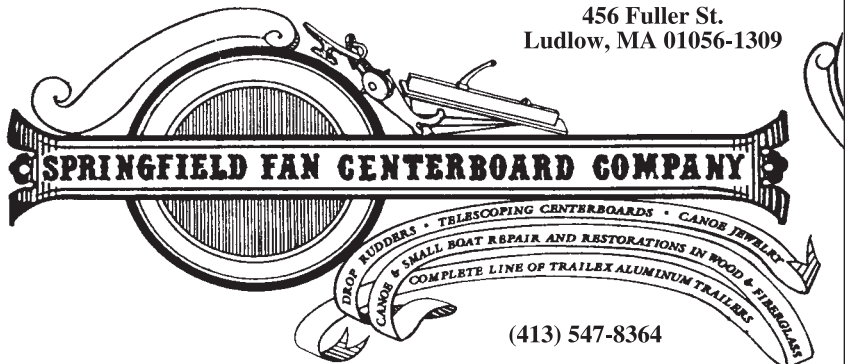
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kind of broke our website and telephone. SO many things have come from this article...including the offer of a free two story timber frame building to be built on our land. Their reasoning, how could it be bad to be associated with a company such as ours? Justin and Ian get all the current credit; but they hook their thumbs towards David, "It was him." David hooks his thumb towards Steve Kaulback, "Not me. Him," Steve hooks his thumb at the old guides and the wonderful boats they designed. That an historical design continues to align with current use patterns (ie, cartopping) has given these wonderful designs new life. Give us a call or send an e-mail and we'll send you a link to the story. USA-Today 16July15.

